

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

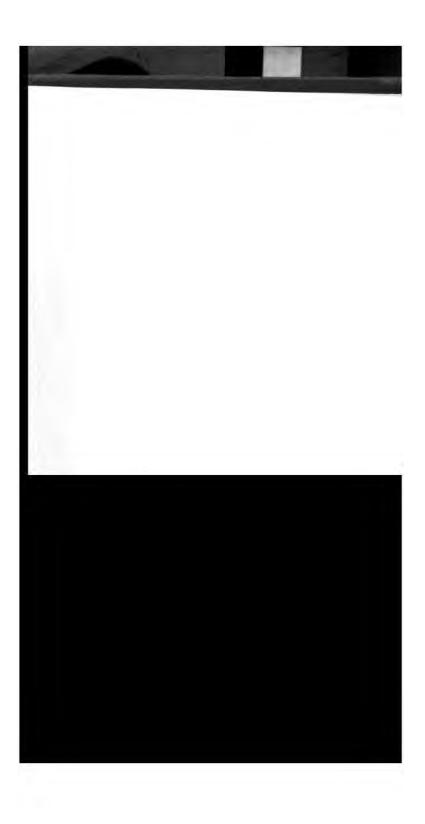
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/







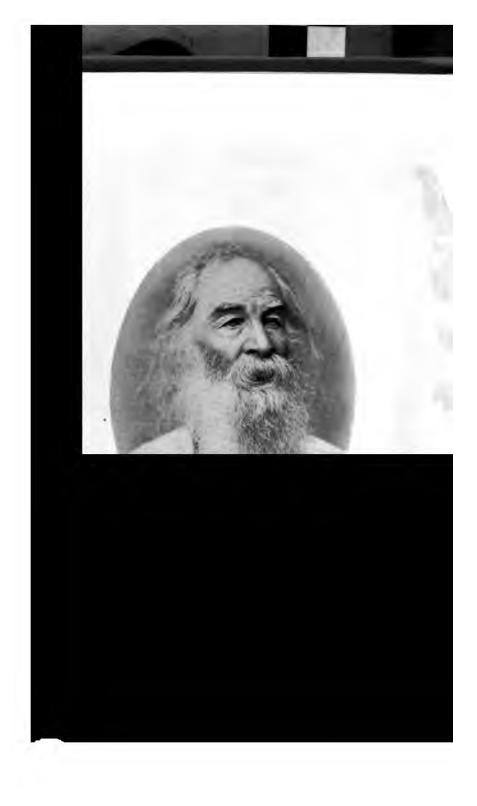


WALT WHITMAN THE MAN



•

.



WALT WHITMAN

THE MAN

63314

THOMAS, DONALDSON

"What about my hundred pages that I am getting out about you?"—Thomas Donaldson.

"Go on, Tom, go on—and God be with you."—WALT WHITMAN.

At a birthday dinner at his house at Camden, N. J., May 31, 1891.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND FACSIMILES

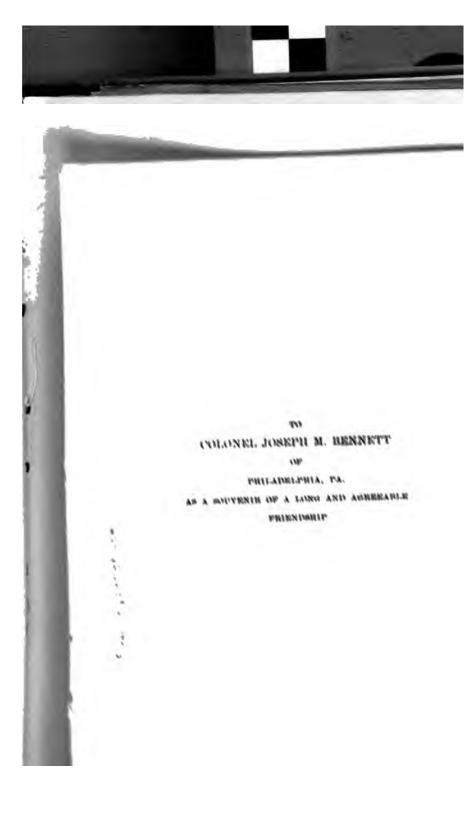
NEW YORK
FRANCIS P. HARPER
1896



828 840 3.65

> COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY THOMAS DONALDSON.

> > All rights reserved.



828 W60 D68

> COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY THOMAS DONALDSON.

> > All rights reserved.

COLONEL JOSEPH M. BENNETT

OF

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AS A SOUVENIR OF A LONG AND AGREEABLE

FRIENDSHIP

PREFACE.

THE object of this book is to give the public an insight into the life and habits of Mr. Whitman, as I saw it and them.

Whitman, the author, has been done and doubly done, and the end is not yet. Whitman, the man, seems to have been considered as merely secondary. In some phases, there was more in the man than in his works.

For many years I took notes of familiar chats and interviews which marked my relations with Mr. Whitman. I had, from boyhood, formed the habit of keeping such notes of the utterances of public men, until it grew into the habit of putting upon paper almost all the incidents of daily life.

I had long known Mr. Whitman. From 1876 until 1892 the intimacy was con-

stant. Now and then, as in one or two instances cited, I shall use these early notes to show how the opinion of the man, so early formed, was more than confirmed in after years.

I knew him when he was capable of evil, had he desired to be, or do evil, and in all that period I found him to be a man of honor; just, brave, and simple, in all worldly thought and action. He loved humanity, while holding himself aloof from close contact with it. Suffering appealed to him. Sickness invoked his aid. He regarded poverty as a dispensation of nature, and never turned the

did not smoke, and had no convivial, or club habits. He did not like or use stimulants except as medicine and even eschewed tea and coffee. He was not a rollicking man, nor a drinking man. He was never sensational, and was not "loud" in manner or actions. His dignity was inborn and easily worn. He was, in fact, not well fitted for general social life. He could not be a "good fellow" in the general sense of that term, for it was not in him. No one dared to slap him on the back and say "Hello, Walt!"

He was emphatically a thinking man, a delver in thought. His effort was to reach conclusions through reflection and observation, and then to give them written expression as he was not an orator or a speaker. His views as to comradeship are expressed in an extract from one of his notebooks. "Write a poem: embodying the idea: I wander along in life, hardly ever meeting with comrades. My life has not been occupied and drawn out by love for comrades, for I have not met them. Therefore, I have

put by passionate love of comrades in my poems."

One usually expects too much in private chat with persons who have national or international literary reputations. Such people are always to be on dress parade to visitors—at least, the visitors assume that they should be—and great thoughts are expected with each speech. During the many years I saw Mr. Whitman and was near him, he never seemed on dress parade to me. While we had many serious conversations, I do not recall very many great thoughts in talk from him. Whitman with the pen was one man—

wanted to give more than he had or could afford. He would send his photograph or a book to friends whom he liked, or to those who did him a service. Sometimes he would send to, or give me, a package of manuscripts. He knew my purpose of making a bit of a book about him, and seemed by such gifts to me to indicate what he thought might be of value to me in such work. He knew that I would not bother the public with my views of his work solely, but would rather present the man Whitman in his everyday manner, and this has been my aim.

THOMAS DONALDSON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., February 29, 1896.



CONTENTS.

R PAGE
Mr. Whitman in Washington, 1862-73, . 17
Mr. Whitman in Campen, 1878-92, 28
MR. WHITMAN IN CAMDEN (continued), . 53
Mr. Whitman in Camden (continued), 70
MR. WHITMAN IN CAMDEN (concluded), 88
WALT WHITMAN AS A LECTURER, 108
WALT WHITMAN'S LITERARY AIMS, HOPES,
Expected Literary Results, and
Religious Views,
WALT WHITMAN'S SERVICES TO THE
Union in the Wab of the Rebellion,
1862–65,
Mr. WHITMAN'S HORSE AND BUGGY. 1885, 172
Mr. WHITMAN'S FRIENDS AND CORRE-
spondents, 1872-92, 194
Mr. Whitman's Last Illness, Death,

0.77

ILLUSTRATIONS AND FACSIMILES.

FACING PAGE
PORTRAIT OF WALT WHITMAN, 1889 (hitherto un-
published), Title
FACSIMILE OF POSTAL CARD FROM WALT WHIT-
MAN, 40
FACSIMILE OF SUBJECT FOR A POEM, 70
FACSIMILE OF POEM "GOING SOMEWHERE," IN
WHITMAN'S AUTOGRAPH, 7
FACSIMILE OF NOTE OF MR. WHITMAN ON WHIT-
TIER,
FACSIMILE OF A COMPLETED POEM OF MR. WHIT-
MAN'S "THE DISMANTLED SHIP," SHOWING
Corrections,
FACSIMILE OF "THE HOSPITAL GAZETTE," JAN-
UARY 18, 1864, 14
FACSIMILE OF SECRETARY CHASES OPINION OF
WALT WHITMAN GIVEN IN MR. WHIT-
man's Autograph 15

14 ILLUSTRATIONS AND FACSIMILES.

FACING	PAGE
FACSIMILE OF ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO HIM-	
SELF IN MR. WHITMAN'S AUTOGRAPH, .	159
FACSIMILE OF AN ARMY PASS OF MR. WHITMAN'S,	160
Mr. Whitman in his Buggy, October, 1886, .	172
FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM ALFRED TENNYSON	
TO MR. WHITMAN,	194
MR WHITMAN'S GREAT ARMCHAIR	249

WALT WHITMAN, 1819-92.

Walt (Walter) Whitman, born on a farm, West Hills, near Huntington, Suffolk County, Long Island, New York, May 81, 1819. He was the son of Walter W. Whitman, a carpenter, and Louisa Van Velsor, his wife. and was the second child of a family of nine children, two girls and seven boys. Walt Whitman died at Camden, N. J., Saturday, March 26, 1892, aged about seventy-three years. Buried at Harleigh Cemetery, near Camden. School-teacher, printer, publisher, house-builder, clerk, editor, soldiers' nurse, writer, author, and poet. Schoolboy in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1824-28. Clerk in lawyer's office, Brooklyn, 1830-82. Educated in the public schools of Brooklyn. Worked in printing offices from 1884 to 1885. Family returned to the country in 1885. Worked in a printing office in New York City, 1836-37. Taught school on Long Island, 1887-88. Started and published a weekly paper at Huntington, Long Island, 1839-40. Returned to Brooklyn in 1840. Worked as a printer and wrote poetry and prose from 1840 to 1848. Began to roam over the West and South in 1848. On editorial staff of Daily Crescent, New Orleans, 1848. Returned to Brooklyn in 1848. Editor Daily Eagle, Brooklyn, 1848-In 1850-62 wrote editorials, magazine articles,

and poetry, and built and sold houses in Brooklyn (his father was a carpenter and builder), and printed (in 1850) a daily and weekly paper called the Freeman. Issued and edited "Leaves of Grass" in Brooklyn in 1855. (A Fremont Republican in 1856.) Went to Washington en route to the battlefield of Fredericksburg, December 14, 1862, to aid his wounded brother, Colonel George W. Whitman, Lieutenant-colonel Fifty-first New York Volunteer Infantry. Washington and vicinity in field, camp, and City Hospitals, and on the battlefields of the War of the Rebellion, from December, 1862, to July, 1865. Clerk in several Government offices at Washington, and doing literary work and publishing his books, 1865–73. Visited Denver and the West, 1879. Resident of Camden, N. J., from 1873 to 1892, where he followed the calling of a poet, author, and publisher.

WALT WHITMAN, THE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

MR. WHITMAN IN WASHINGTON, 1862-73.

As a Nurse to Soldiers in the War of the Rebellion—Clerk in the Indian Office—In the Offices of the Solicitor of Treasury and Attorney General—Removal from Office—Queer Morality of Some Active in his Removal—His Associates while in Washington—Anecdote of a Snorer—Secretary Chase Refuses Him a Position in the Treasury Department—Leaves Washington, 1873.

No man tells the public the whole story of his life. He may say that he does, but he does not. Only murderers who seek fame through villainy tell the story of their lives, and usually much more. I have never known a man, outside of a convicted murderer, who had the courage to tell all of his life. Women may, in time, do it, but not now.

Mr. Whitman never told the public the story of his life. I do not now propose to tell it for him.

His life as I knew it was for two periods: First, in Washington from 1862 to 1873, and in Camden, New Jersey, from the summer of 1873 to his death, March 26, 1892.

My almost entire personal reminiscence of him given in this volume is while he resided in Camden.

Mr. Whitman resided in Washington from December, 1862, to the summer of 1873. He was in and about the hospitals and battlefields from 1862 to 1866 as a nurse and an aid to the surgeons.

He did duty as a clerk in Washington during 1865, and to 1873 in the Indian office of the Interior Department, and in Interior Department as a clerk because of the assumed immorality of "Leaves of Grass." Subsequent to this removal and being refused office again in Washington, it was developed that persons most active in these deeds against Mr. Whitman were of queer personal morality. One used the public coals, carpets, and employees in his house for his private use; and it was reported that another made a convenience of a person employed in his household. Mr. Whitman gave a quiet chuckle when these things were recalled, and said nothing.

The discharge of Mr. Whitman from the Interior Department on June 30, 1865, was thus noted abroad:

Before the end of the war Whitman received a clerkship in the Department of the Interior at Washington. Soon after this appointment, the Chief Secretary, Mr. James Harlan, discharged him "because he was the author of an indecent book." Mr. Harlan, it appears, had used his liberty as chief of this State office to inspect his clerk's desk and found in it an annotated copy of "Leaves of Grass." That happened in the summer of 1865.—Walt Whitman, A Study, p. xxxi. John Addington Symonds, 1893.



While in Washington Mr. Whitman was closely associated with John Burroughs, William D. O'Connor, and C. W. Eldredge, a coterie of able and appreciative men. These men were close in friendship and were temperate in habits and thought. Mrs. O'Connor nursed Mr. Whitman through his first stroke of paralysis.

While Mr. Whitman lived in Washington he boarded in 1866, for a time, at the house of Mr. Fletcher, I think, who was Chief of the Passport Bureau of the State Department, and a delicate, nervous, slightly built man. Mr. Whitman was then robust, and almost a giant. In

let it drop on the floor. The snorers and everybody else awakened! The landlord, in great anger, rushed at Whitman, and threatened to throw him into the street. Mr. Whitman looked down at him with a soft smile, and then went solemnly downstairs to his room. Never a word spake he!

I obtained from him, from time to time, bits of his life and experiences in Washington, during the War and afterward. He was reluctant to speak of his official life in Washington. His letters from that city to friends in the North, appealing for aid to assist wounded and sick Union soldiers at the front, are most pathetic. The answers were frank, kindly, and in aid of his work. present when a friend spoke of his official life at Washington, and discussed the men or officials who dismissed him. We were sitting on chairs beneath the large tree in front of his Mickle Street house when the chat occurred. Mr. Whitman usually sat facing the east, and with one foot against the tree. The chairs were ordinary wooden ones. Mr. Whitman

told us of how he tried to get employment in the Treasury Department, under Secretary Chase—as he did in other Departments. John T. Trowbridge interviewed Mr. Chase in 1863 and asked him to give Mr. Whitman employment. Mr. Chase emphatically refused. Mr. Whitman's minute of the affair, in his autograph, is given in facsimile.

As is noted, Mr. Whitman's Washington life ended in 1873, and I do not think that he visited that city again but once.

CHAPTER II.

MR. WHITMAN IN CAMDEN, 1873-92.

Mr. Whitman no Idler—Author's Edition of "Leaves of Grass"
—Moves to Mickle Street—Sources of Income—Help from
Home and Abroad—The English Circular Regarding his Condition and his Books—Letter to W. M. Rossetti—Publishing
Connection with Rees Weish and David McKay—Mr. Whitman's Physical Peculiarities and Afflictions—His Affection
for Children—His Rides on the Horse Cars—Love of Nature—
Simplicity of Manners—Person and Dress—Two Minutes or
Notes of his Visits to me.

MANY persons got and have the impression that Mr. Whitman, while in Camden from 1873 to 1892 (or elsewhere prior to 1873), the time of his death, was a mere dawdler, or literary adventurer, living on charity. In 1873-74-75 he was so ill that he could hardly work. He had a small sum of money on hand, saved from his salary while a clerk in Washington. He did not do much in the way of work, except now and then a newspaper or magazine article, and to revise his "Leaves of Grass," and get out what he

called his "Author's Edition." (Still he earned what he ate.) This work he sold from 1875. His brother aided him and he lived with him until 1884. After this he went to the Mickle Street house. In 1880 his book had an unusual sale, which continued until 1888. He was, in the mean time, thanks to Julius Chambers, employed at a monthly salary on the New York Herald. He worked whenever he was able. His lectures realized him large sums of money. The North American Review, the Century, the McClure Syndicate, and other publications, paid him liberally for his articles. From 1882 to his death the sale of his

him with money, and often did so. Whitman's wants had only to be mentioned and the purses of George W. Childs, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Horace Howard Furness, George H. Boker, and a dozen more in Philadelphia and New York, were at once opened. He never was in any danger from lack of comfort in food and clothes, when his wants were made known. In personal friends of character and wealth Mr. Whitman was over-rich. Distinctly and emphatically he was not a mendicant, a beggar, a loafer, or a useless mouth. He was at work always, even when work to him was mental and physical torture.

Mr. Whitman's pecuniary condition, it seemed, was carefully kept by him from his Camden friends until about the time he accepted the grave in Harleigh Cemetery, and began preparations to erect a tomb. Then it began to dawn on some of them that Mr. Whitman had a way of keeping things to himself. It did seem singular that certain of Mr. Whitman's friends should tax themselves and some other young men for his monthly ex-

penses, after June, 1888, while he had several thousands of dollars in bank! Mr. Whitman asked as to the expense of the nurse and other matters, and was answered: "Oh! that's taken care of." He did not know for some time, if at all, that this expense was divided among some young men, some of whom were not particularly able to pay it. It was a mistake to keep this from him. I do not believe that he would have permitted such a tax.

Mr. Whitman never asked his English friends for pecuniary aid, but did ask them, as he did others, to buy his books. May 20, 1876, Wm. Michael Rossetti isabout one thousand dollars. The character and standing of the list of subscribers have seldom been excelled for a similar purpose:

WALT WHITMAN.

Many of the persons to whom this Circular is sent will be aware that in March last, in the Athenœum and Daily News more especially, statements were printed regarding Mr. Whitman's circumstances in life. The annexed extract, from a letter written by himself on the 17th of March, shows the precise facts of that matter, and the precise thing which he would wish to be done, viz.: that all persons who would like to possess his books, and thereby to contribute to his literary income, should come forward and order the books.

The object of this Circular (which has been necessarily delayed some little while by interchange of letters to and from America) is to invite you to do this.

The editions and prices are shown below; no other editions are procurable from the author. The books, it is understood, will be sent from America carriage free. A list of purchasers, as already notified to me, is also given over-page.

Mr. Whitman's address is stated in his letter. The purchase-money can be sent direct to him; any checks, orders, or drafts, being made payable by Messrs. Brown Brothers, Bankers, Philadelphia (corner of Chestnut and Strawberry Streets), on Mr. Whitman's indorsement; or Post-Office International Money-Orders could be used. Or, if preferred, the amounts can be forwarded to me, and I will remit them to Mr. Whitman.

I should receive with much pleasure any reply to this Circular; also any list (names and addresses) of persons whom you may know likely to be interested in the matter, to whom I would thereupon send other copies of the Circular.

WM. MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

56 Euston Square, London, N. W., 1st June, 1876.

LIST OF BOOKS.

1.—"Leaves of Grass," one vol., with two portraits and autograph (contains all Whitman's poetry as yet published, save what is comprised in No. 2). 'Price £1 (five dollars).

four, A. G. B., G. H. Boughton, Rev. T. E. Brown, F. Madox Brown, G. L. Cathcart, A. G. Dew-Smith, Mrs. Deschamps, J. D., Professor Dowden, Edward Dannreuther, Benjamin Eyre, F. S. Ellis, George Fraser, G. W. Foote, E. W. Gosse, Mrs. Gilchrist, P. R. G., R. Hannah, I. Hueffer, G. G. Hake, Lady Hardy, Lord Houghton, J. H. Ingram, J. Leicester-Warren, G. H. Lewes, Harold Littledale, Vernon Lushington, Godfrey Lushington, Miss Moncrieff, P. B. Marston, J. H. McCarthy, Mrs. Mathews, N. MacColl, Hon. Roden Noel, J. T. Nettleship, D. G. Rossetti, W. M. Rossetti, C. W. Reynell, C. W. S., Miss T. C. Simpson, A. C. Swinburne, W. B. Scott, J. A. Symonds, Bram. Stoker, George Saintsbury, Dr. Todhunter, George Wallis, R. R. Whitehead, T. D. Westness, R. Spence Watson, Alfred Webb.

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY,

U. S. AMERICA,

431 Stevens Street, Cor. West. March 17, 1876.

W. M. ROSSETTI:

Dear Friend: Yours of the 28th February received, and indeed welcomed and appreciated. I am jogging along still about the same in physical condition—still certainly no worse, and I sometimes lately suspect rather better, or at any rate more adjusted to the situation—Even begin to think of making some move, some change of base,

30 WALT WHITMAN, THE MAN.

etc.: the doctors have been advising it for over two years, but I haven't felt able to do it yet. My paralysis does not lift-I cannot walk any distance -I still have this baffling, obstinate, apparently chronic affection of the stomachic apparatus and liver; yet (as told in former letters) I get out of doors a little every day-write and read in moderation-appetite sufficiently good (eat only very plain food, but always did that)-digestion tolerableand spirits unflagging. As said above, I have told you most of this before, but suppose you might like to know it all again, up to date. Of course, and pretty darkly coloring the whole, are bad spells, prostrations, some pretty grave ones, intervalsand I have resigned myself to the certainty of permanent incapacitation from solid work; but things may continue at least in this half-and-half way for months-even years.

My books are out, the new edition; a set of

ployment of seven years or more in Washington after the War (1865-72) I regularly saved a great part of my wages; and, though the sum has now become about exhausted by my expenses of the last three years, there are already beginning at present welcome dribbles hitherward from the sales of my new edition, which I just job and sell, myself (as the book-agents here for three years in New York have successively, deliberately, badly cheated me), and shall continue to dispose of the books myself. And that is the way I should prefer to glean my support. In that way I cheerfully accept all the aid my friends find it convenient to proffer. . . .

To repeat a little, and without undertaking details, understand, dear friend, for yourself and all, that I heartily and most affectionately thank my British friends, and that I accept their sympathetic generosity in the same spirit in which I believe (nay, know) it is offered—that though poor I am not in want—that I maintain good heart and cheer; and that by far the most satisfaction to me (and I think it can be done, and believe it will be) will be to live, as long as possible, on the sales, by myself, of my own works, and perhaps if practicable, by further writings for the press.

WALT WHITMAN.

. . . . I am prohibited from writing too much, and I must make this candid statement of the situation serve for all my dear friends over there.

Mr. Whitman, in a way, was for years his own publisher. In the later years at Camden, some of his friends tried to persuade him to issue a popular edition of his works. His last and the present publisher, David McKay of Philadelphia, and myself soon settled that when we were asked. Few persons would have bought any of them, and the reduction in price would have ended the value of the bound copies he had on hand.

Mr. McKay, an able and enterprising young publisher, was much respected by Mr. Whitman, and retained his confidence to the last. Mr. Whitman was fortunate in falling into his competent been located for life in one spot and there pursued his theme, he would have secured a fortune, but he was a born roamer. roamed over much of the United States. Had he the means, all parts of the earth would have been known to him.* In old age, when lameness and physical incapacity forced him to settle down in one place—to anchor—his best literary effort was shown. His imagination could, and did, convert the narrow walls of the Mickle Street house, in Camden, into boundaries of nations, seas, oceans, mountain chains, landscapes, vistas of Eden, forests, cities, palaces, hovels, homes of the rich, and art galleries, so that Mr. Whitman was thus of the great world, while out of it. When he pictured from memory or imagi-

^{*}Referring to these wanderings in a letter which he empowered me to publish (dated August 19, 1890), Whitman says: "My life, young manhood, mid-age, times south, have been jolly bodily, and doubtless open to criticism." After this sentence there follow details concerning his domestic circumstances, which prove that, although he never married, his youth and manhood were not passed without episodes of passion and permanent attachment.—Walt Whitman, A Study. John Addington Symonds, 1898.

nation, he had the peculiar faculty of giving to whatever he depicted a form and local coloring—positive realism, a gift possessed by few, and marking its owner a child of the universe, in touch with nature, and a visible exponent of its beauties. Mr. Whitman, by reason of this gift, was never lonely, never weary of life, and was a fit comrade for himself. What a blessed possession! an empire within one's self.

Still with his poverty he aided relatives, and as a fact had the care, and paid the expenses every other month for years, of an invalid brother, Edward Whitman. response to questions was very deliberate. Usually, in winter, he placed his hands in the outside diagonal pockets of his over-His inner coat was worn open. His vest showed his shirtbosom low, and in it, about six inches below the collar, was conspicuous a large, pearl buttonstud, almost an inch in diameter. first time I ever saw him he wore such a button, and one was in his shirt front as he lay in his coffin. His breast was always partially exposed. The cuffs of his shirt, and the deep rolling Byron collar, were alike sewed to the garment and turned over, or rolled back, well up.

After his paralysis, and in Camden, he walked even more slowly than in Washington, and with difficulty, using a cane, and sometimes two of them. But, as he walked, he saw everything about him. He would chat with any person who accosted him, uniformly asked questions of anybody and everybody whom he thought able to give him knowledge of things in sight that interested him. He would call dogs to him, and in a fashion have a conference with them.

36

After his second stroke, he delighted in having his bare back rubbed with a brush, after sponging. Still, in all of the time from his second stroke and until his death, I venture that not more than three persons other than physicians ever saw his back uncovered. He was as modest as a woman in the matter of exposure of any portion of his body. His clothes were always kept brushed; his hair well brushed. His teeth were worn, but nicely kept. His hands were large (as were his feet), and strongly marked with freckles. His finger nails were filed each day and kept thoroughly clean. He was a most cologne, and used it to bathe his face and hands with. He was as delighted as a child with a toy when a friend sent him this perfume. I can now see his dull eyes glisten and his red cheeks glow and color when I would bring him a bottle. While in conversation, I could never perceive any grossness in his manner or in his expressed thought. Undue, or over attention, when visiting, annoyed him exceedingly, and he seldom returned to a house where he was made too much of. He did not want to be considered a lion, and would not be lionized. He was always deferential to women and children. Children were to him earth's brightest flowers. Scores of times I have sat at one window of his front room or parlor, he at the other, and seen and heard the school children as they climbed up the cellar door, look into the room and call out: "How are you to-day, Mr. Whitman?" He would answer cheerily: "All right, my dear; is that you Johnny, or Sally?" -as the case might be. And when he was in his last sickness, scores of little children would, from day to day, peek in the windows, or look in the door and ask Mrs. Davis or the nurse, "How's Mr. Walt to-day?" It always has seemed to me, through life, that children are gifted with an almost supernatural intelligence in discovering who are their friends; and I have made up my mind that a man who loves children, and they him, cannot be a totally bad man. Children constantly, in season, brought him flowers. When he died there were many sad-eyed children in Camden and other cities.

While Mr. Whitman had a profound respect for women, and peculiar views respecting them, he considered them, as a class yestly abler than men, and more ally cared much for them, as a rule. He was respectful and considerate toward them, but not fulsome in adoration.

As Mr. Whitman walked the streets of Camden or Philadelphia or other cities, he was public property. Persons who knew him, or only even by sight recognized him, would hail him: "How are you, Walt?" or "How goes it, Mr. Whitman?" His answer uniformly was, "How d' you do? How de do?" and he would pass along, unless accosted by some intimate friend, when he would stop and chat a while. To callers who were his friends he would say, "Come in, come in! Howdy! Howdy!"

From 1873 to 1889 horse cars were run on Market Street, the principal east and west thoroughfare in Philadelphia. When the weather permitted, Mr. Whitman was accustomed to come over from Camden and ride the length of Market Street and back on one of these cars. The drivers, who were, as a rule, permitted to use a high chair or stool for a seat, uniformly surrendered it to Mr. Whitman. With his back to the car, his feet on the

fender, and cane in hand, he would enjoy this ride of eight miles or more, watching the passersby, but seldom speaking during the ride. Sometimes I passed up or down on another car, and he would invariably hail me. Some of the drivers, noticing this, asked me who he was. A "poet" was a new trade to many of them. So, finally, Mr. Whitman became known on the line as "Whitman, the Camden poet." All the drivers liked him, but thought him "odd."

His life was sweetened and made happy by his love of nature, and so he became an "out of door" ranger. The ocean shore woods mountains hills plains was doing it correctly. The problem now is, Will mankind recognize the picture?

He was young in his habit, thought, and manners, and remained so until his death. He was careful and considerate of the feelings and rights of others. He wanted to be "let alone," and he let other people alone. He was a good judge of character, and would have made a capital man of business, barring the exercise of any dishonesty in trade. When talking to or with him, he would approve a question by "so!" or "perhaps!" He was a good listener, both in time and absorp-He almost equaled James G. tion. Blaine in the latter. Mr. Blaine put persons before him through a process of mental absorption of their ideas, akin to the practical operation of a squeezer with a lemon. The skin, however, as with the squeezer, was left.

On July 20, 1882, I made a personal minute of Mr. Whitman, expecting to use it in another form than in this book. I reproduce it here:

Walt Whitman, the poet, I know quite well. I have known him for many years. At sixty-two

he is a large man, over six feet in height, and weighing 180 pounds; a large head with a full beard of gray, his hair white, long, and flowing; his eye blue-gray and listless; his complexion rosy, like a child's; his mouth and teeth good; his figure that of an athlete. His nose rather hooked; his feet large, his hands the same, and covered with freckles and crispy red-gray hairs. He wears gray clothes, a gray slouched hat, with broad brim and conical body. His collar is very wide and deep and not buttoned, and his shirt front always open six inches, with a huge stud of pearl. His wristbands are long and hang down. His manner of speech is slow and unassuming, and he is always natural and easy, his voice low and musical, his laugh a short jerky one. He has lived at Camden, New Jersey, since '73. He has a habit when at home of coming over to Philadelphia, each day,

are fond of him. His paralysis of the right side makes him use a cane. I used frequently to ride with him on the street cars, and hear his cheery talk. This I have done a hundred times. He supports himself with his pen and through the sale of his book, and by the help of a few friends. He has an edition known as the "Author's Edition" of his works in two volumes, which he sends out with his autograph and photograph for ten dollars. I once called his attention to a copy of the first edition of his book, 1855, in the store of a friend for twelve dollars. It contained a small photograph of "Walt" with his hat on. Mr. Whitman said it was worth more; that in London they sold for fifteen dollars. He is an odd The mythical finds strong expression in stick. One day in 1878, at Camden, he was at the funeral of a handsome child whom he had known in life. She was a relative. She was covered with flowers, and as she lay in her coffin was a pretty and restful sight. Mr. Whitman, observing a little girl peering over the side of the coffin, taking her hand in his, and looking with his great gray blue eyes into those of the wondering child, said: "You don't understand this, my dear, do you?" The child lisped out: "No, sir." "Neither do I," said Walt as he turned away.

In the winter of 1880-81, which was a very cold one, Mr. Whitman was busy hunting out cardrivers in Philadelphia who had no overcoats, were worthy men, and had families dependent upon

44 WALT WHITMAN, THE MAN.

them. To these he gave coats. The money for them was supplied by philanthropic and humane George W. Childs, and was one of his unheralded charities. Mr. Whitman told me one day that he drank no strong drink, but sometimes drank wine, and was careful as to his eating. Sometimes he was not the Good Gray Poet in dress. Along in the summer of 1882 he procured and wore a suit of dark blue flannel—all blue—even a blue hat, but always a slouch one.

I met him on Ninth Street in Philadelphia on July 24, 1882, a very hot day. He said that the recent efforts to keep his books from the mails had given him some trouble. In February, 1882, some Boston Brahmans had complained to the Attorney General of the State, that Whitman's book or works, as published by Field, Osgood & Co., were immoral. The Attorney General wrote to

that Mr. Whitman told him some days before that while out West, a few years since, he was so poor that he almost starved to death. And that out West, or in any other place, he never had any money of consequence.

Mr. Welsh showed me a splendid picture of Whitman sitting in a rustic chair with his hat on, a half-face, and holding his right arm out at full length, with a butterfly on it. I advised Mr. Welsh to put this picture in for a frontispiece for the next edition of Whitman's poems, "Leaves of Grass." Mr. Welsh, an exceedingly able and clever man, it was believed had been trying, by working underneath, to get the Philadelphia Society for the Suppression of Vice to try to prosecute him for this Whitman's publication. It would help its sale. The Boston fools, he said, had already made for him more than two thousand dollars.

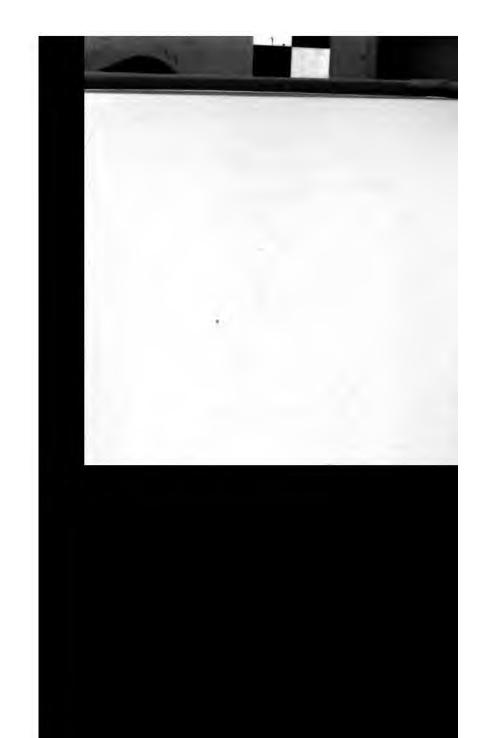
I met Mr. Whitman on a Tuesday in August, 1882, on the boat crossing the river to Camden. He said that he had reserved another trip to Colorado for the last, and that the poetry and sentiment of that region had not as yet been touched. After this I got him tickets there and back, but he did not use them. He was very fond of children, and used to talk with great sense to my little boy Blaine. He was very sick during the week from October 22 to November 5, 1882, and thus missed the festivities of the Philadelphia Bi-Centennial.

Mr. Whitman had an off-hand way of "dropping in" on friends; never too often; just enough. He was not company, and not a guest. He just dropped in, filled a niche comfortably, and dropped out as he came, without noise, leaving a desire to have him come again. In these visits he never tried to impress you with what or how much he knew. If a theme came up in which he was interested, he gave his views, not as a crusher, not as an avalanche, but quietly, convincingly. He never aired his knowledge, never blurted out his dictionary. He used few and simple words in conversation; and none of the complex or compound expressions

MR. WHITMAN'S MANNER OF NOTIFYING FRIENDS BY POSTAL CARD OF AN

To face page 46

INTENDED VISIT.



are yet living with the husbands they began with—a most unusual thing in these loose marital times. Mr. Whitman was always welcome at their home, and one of the first to discover and appreciate their He lauded their efforts, and urged talent. them onward and upward. The head of the family was a quiet, dignified, kindly, easy-going gentleman, while the mother was possessed of push and ability of a high order. Mr. Whitman always spoke of her as the chief of the family, and argued that, necessarily, the girls must To the close of his life he be talented. had a warm heart for these good people, and rather intimated, as he chronicled their successes and watched their upward progress, that he was as proud of them as if they were his own, taking some credit for crying "hurrah!" when they first went upon the stage. His kindly interest in these most worthy ladies was indicative of his nature.

Mr. Whitman had a quaint way of calling people whom he liked by their first names,—for instance, R. W. Gilder was "Watson,"—but this was only to his inti-

mates. One day he showed me, with evident satisfaction, a letter he had received from Edwin Booth, thanking him for the reference to his father in an article on the stage and actors in a current magazine.

As I have written, his person was curiously attractive; his dress singular, and his walk marked. And so there was something about the man, even before he spoke, that attracted you to him. This attraction, when they knew him, was appreciated by children, who were glad to see him, wanted to chat with him, and always, in our house, regretted his departure. When he would walk or drive up to see us, the children, upon seeing

the dog by name, and was particular to know the servants and the people about the house. Ellen Jones and Bridget Harwood and Charles Charlton were as carefully inquired about as were the people of the house themselves; our old friends Judge Wm. Haydon and Erastus Brainard were always asked for. His manners were easy; his conversation, in the manner of it, keyed to his personality. He could laugh a hearty, round laugh, but usually it was a quiet chuckle, with his face agleam.

While Mr. Whitman was at all times neat in his person, at table he was dainty and observably nice. He used his knife as a divider and his fork to eat food with. He was not a sword swallower. He used his napkin before drinking from a glass or cup. When he sat at our table he always retained his cane, and at times would sit back on his chair and, laying his hands one over the other on its crook, would listen, or chat, for a time. At such times he seemed very contented. He had none of the offensive table manners usual to many old men

who consider the privileges of years as a badge to warrant bad manners.

One day at our table he detailed at length how he had himself set up, printed, and gotten out his first edition of "Leaves of Grass," in 1855, and that, at the time, he was engaged in building small houses, and making money at it. I asked him how much he made out of the book. He gave a quiet chuckle and replied: "Made? Well, if I remember correctly, those persons to whom I sent them returned them, all but four or five, and the rest I prevailed on friends and relatives, who could not refuse, to take away by hand. Oh, as a money matter the book was a dread.

hospital experience about Washington, he read a page, and said, "What a cantankerous old viper she was," and laid the book down. I read him Mr. Whittier's letter about the horse and buggy. His eyes filled as he said, "What a lovely man! and yet it was reported that he threw my book into the fire after reading it." As he came downstairs, he said, "Be careful; if I fall it will be a matter of moment, as I now weigh 206 pounds." At dinner I mentioned that I thought Mr. of a Philadelphia newspaper, bore the reputation of having the meanest disposition of any public or professional man in Philadelphia, and mentioned the oft-expressed wonder of many that Mr. kept such a man about him. Mr. Whitman said, "Your Uncle [meaning himself], who does not say much about anybody, thinks the same way; Mr. — probably keeps him as a foil." At the table Mr. Whitman ate freely, and at dessert took a banana. Sipping a glass of sherry, he said, "A banana and sherry, to me, after dinner, is perfection; it is the culmination of all good things, and now I am supremely happy."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

Christmas, Saturday, December 25, 1886.

Walt Whitman took dinner with us to-day. He was in good form and full of quiet talk. Speaking of the recent spasm in England and Scotland as to his being in a starving condition, he said, "Well, I may be; but it is a pleasant kind of starving." He mentioned that in times past some

rogues abroad had gotten up and cribbed some small subscriptions made for him. After dinner he began a chat about actors; much of it, however, he had talked before to me. One incident was new. In speaking of the mannerisms of actors, their methods of speaking, etc., he said that some years ago James E. Murdock, the actor, told him of having seen Edmund Kean act, and of Kean apparently using the letter "b" in pronunciation frequently where "m" should have been used. A very marked peculiarity, caused by a snappy sort of articulation, common to both of the Keans. I (Thomas Donaldson) heard Charles Kean in 1866, and can vouch for the Kean snappy method of speech.

Mr. Whitman gave the following illustration of Kean's method of reading:

CHAPTER III.

MR. WHITMAN IN CAMDEN (continued).

Mr. Whitman and Henry Irving Visits—Mr. Whitman's Reticence even to Close Friends—He Seldom Showed Grief—Dinner Given Him, 1890—Speech of Julian Hawthorne—Mr. Whitman's Modesty—His Tastee—Refusal of Association Hall for his Lecture on Elias Hicks—His Prominence in Literature—His Poverty—Help from George W. Childs—The House in Mickle Street—The Vile Odor Surrounding it from the Southwest—My Artist Friend's Estimate.

ONE day in April, 1884, some foreign gentlemen were to visit my house, at Philadelphia. I invited Mr. Whitman. He came half an hour in advance of the other guests, and was comfortably seated in the parlor when they arrived. He sat on a sofa on the west side of the room. I went to the hall door and received Henry Irving, Joseph Hatton, and Bram Stoker. After removing hats and wraps, Mr. Irving, unattended, went into the parlor. I was detained for some minutes in the hall with the other gentlemen, but soon was relieved by a member of my

family, and went into the parlor. Mr. Whitman was sitting as I had left him, with his hands crossed upon the top of his cane. Mr. Irving was on the east side of the room, leaning upon the mantel and closely observing a picture. At once it occurred to me that the two had not spoken. I believe that it is "bad form" in England for guests to speak to one another, under a host's roof, unless introduced. I presume the close and mixed condition of society there makes this so essential. I hurriedly said, "Mr. Irving, this is Mr. Walt Whitman." "Bless us!" he replied, as he hurriedly

Whitman. He expressed great satisfaction on being told that he was well known in England, and, in an amused way, he stood up, that Irving might judge if he was as tall as Tennyson. It is a milder face and less rugged in its lines than the face of the great English poet; but in other respects, suggests the author of 'In Memoriam.'"*

Mr. Whitman was greatly pleased with Mr. Irving, and remarked to me how little of the actor there was in his manner or talk. Frequently, after this, Mr. Whitman expressed to me his admiration for Mr. Irving, now Sir Henry Irving, for his gentle and unaffected manners and his evident intellectual power and heart.

I never saw any indications of meanness in Mr. Whitman. He was poor, and needed to watch the outgo of his pennies as other men did dollars. For two or three years before his death his personal expenses and for food were not fifty cents a day. When he had turkey, he ate it thankfully; when he had only bread and tea, he was thankful. During our acquaintance in Camden and Philadelphia he never proclaimed that he was poor.

^{* &}quot;Impressions of America," pages 211, 212.

He never asked anyone to aid him. He was a proud man. Being an invalid, he felt his helplessness, and so attentions were doubly dear to him. He had known poverty in its grossest form while living in Camden. A small purse was raised for him in England about the time of his lowest ebb of poverty in that place. It did not reach him. It was appropriated, I think, by one of its custodians. When he was eating off a drygoods box for a table and drinking milk warmed over a coal oil lamp and a few crackers with it, he would ask you to dine with the dignity of a prince, and never apologized for, or

a query to them indicating my knowledge, some of them called out "What!" This convinced me that Mr. Whitman had few friends in whom he placed entire confidence.

Mr. Whitman seldom openly showed the emotion of grief. It happened that I was with him when the death of Wm. D. O'Connor of Washington, of the Life Saving Service Bureau, his earnest friend and intelligent defender, was mentioned. Whitman said nothing for some minutes, but sat with his head down. When he looked up, his usually flat and colorless eyes put on a far-away look, and he stared some time without speaking. After a time, in a deep voice he answered, "And such a friend!" When Anne Gilchrist's death in England, December, 1885, was announced, he sat quiet, and finally, in a deeper tone than usual, he answered, "A sincere and loving friend." No tears, no broken voice, but rather an exultation that such good people had gone to well-earned rewards, alone indicated his loss. I have seen his eyes fill with tears of joy, but do not recall one in grief.

I attended a dinner given to Mr. Whitman at Camden, in 1890, May 31 (the day of the Johnstown flood), in honor of his seventieth birthday. Julian Hawthorne was one of the speakers. eulogized Mr. Whitman, who was wheeled into the room in his chair, and said that he liked him best for the fact of his friendship for and personal love of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Hawthorne had been misinformed. As a fact, Mr. Whitman never talked to Mr. Lincoln in his life, or Mr. Lincoln to him. Mr. Lincoln, one day in 1864, while looking out of a window at the White House and

tion; it was merely that he was formulating his ideas into speech. At other times, when on subjects he had thought over, he spoke rather quickly and with free-He thought slowly, but impressions were quickly made. His mind worked on a clear perceptive basis, but deductions resulted slowly. Because he thought a thing and announced it, he did not believe it a crime in others not to think as he did or to believe as he did. He was sensitive, but not egotistically so. Unfair criticism of his work caused him but little, if any, mental trouble. Unfair and unjust criticism of himself cut him and hurt his pride.

Mr. Whitman, in his home, in my house at my table, or anywhere else, never by word, sign, or act, gave me an impression that he considered himself a great man, or as trying to be one, or as posing as one, or that he was exceptional among men. He acted naturally, as other men act, and distinctly and emphatically refused to be flattered. Still he moved in his own orbit and preserved at all times his distinct personality. Like other earnest

men and workers, he sometimes intimated that he thought he could be useful to others by the use of his pen.

He had a love of humor. I never heard him attempt to tell a story, but he was fond of hearing others tell them. He chuckled and smiled at a good humorous story. No one ever attempted to tell a vulgar one in his presence.

Mr. Whitman was an appreciative lover of the drama and of music. In early life he was a constant theater- and opera-goer. Any place in the house did him so long as he could see and hear. He was as frequently in the gallery with the gods as with the boys in the pit, or the upper

most. He quickly replied: "Outside of Mr. Barrett's acting, that of Mr. James and Miss Wainwright. The lovers were soft and sweet in manner; their language beautiful and touching; and they looked and acted like real lovers. Ah, after all, there is nothing so attractive as the theater!"

There was a person in Camden, prior to 1892, who at one time had large pretensions to portraiture. Having been well over the Republic, he had met many public men. He became friendly to Mr. Whitman, and finally copied him in dress and manner—even as to his beard. artist sometimes became thirsty, and was not careful as to places he visited to quench his thirst. Several times he met friends in odd places and was overcome. When on the street in this condition he would be mistaken for Mr. Whitman: and presently it was noised about that Mr. Whitman was fearfully addicted to Some of his friends heard of it and drink. made an investigation. The artist was reasoned with. He presently doffed the hat and clothes, cut his beard, and thus

his resemblance to Mr. Whitman ceased. I spoke to him (Mr. Whitman) about it, and he laughed heartily over the incident, saying: "My! it was a close shave for my reputation!"

Mr. Whitman used to laugh at the refusal to him of Association Hall in Philadelphia for his lecture on Elias Hicks. The authorities (The Young Men's Christian Association) were told that Elias Hicks was not orthodox, and so refused the hall to Mr. Whitman for the lecture. "My, my!" he would say, "It wouldn't have hurt the hall one bit," and then he would chuckle.

Mr. Whitman had a love for riding on

Street ferry, and wait for the boat on which Mr. Whitman would be riding. Of course there was no engagement as to time, but when I had leisure of a moonlight night I knew where to find him. When he would come aboard of the boat he would call out cheerily to the boathands, all of whom he knew by name, "Howdy, boys, Howdy!" As a curious fact, lame as he was, he preferred standing by the boat rail or leaning over it to sitting down. When he reached the Philadelphia side of the river the hill at Market Street would require twenty minutes to climb. He did this for exercise. When we would part he would say "Good night! good night! It has been a good meeting."

He would take up portraits of persons and study them intently. One day I called his attention to the apparent excess of or unusual sensuality shown in the face of George Eliot, by a woodcut portrait of her, in profile. "Yes," he answered, "I suppose that that was a large element of her attractiveness. A most intense woman."

Mr. Whitman was not vain as to portraits of himself. He seemed to like best the photograph showing him sitting in a chair with a butterfly on his hand. The Gutekunst portrait of him about 1880 is the best portrait I have ever seen of him.

Harpers, in the Weekly, published a print of a portrait of him by J. W. Alexander. Mr. Whitman remarked to me, in which I fully concurred, that it was a queer-looking thing. "Sharp and peaked face—like an old fox on the watch for something. I don't believe I look like that." And he most certainly did not. It was a poor portrait, as it indicated nothing of Mr. Whitman's character

careful in speech. He knew he would not get an opportunity to revise his utterances, and did not want to be crippled by the interjection of the interviewer's personal impressions into his talk.

Mr. Whitman, some way or another, kept the run of all articles published as to himself, but seldom spoke of them. One day, in a casual way, I called his attention to a reference to himself in the "Life of George Eliot," by J. W. Cross. It had been out but a few days. George Eliot used a couplet from Whitman, at the head of one of her chapters in the book, and noted that Mr. Lewes did not like it, or objected; whether to the use of the couplet or its substance one could only conjecture. At least this was my impression of it. Mr. Whitman said to me, in this connection, "Yes, I saw it. I wonder what she meant?"

Sometimes he received vile and abusive letters from religious or other fanatics, denouncing him and his work. These he read and carefully laid away. I noticed one labeled in his handwriting: SANS CULOTTISM.

Mr. Whitman, as is noted, was extremely poor in Camden after his brother moved away, and up to about 1884. His change of luck began about then. He had previously, to use a sailor's phrase, been scudding under bare poles. But he had several runs of luck after 1884. Private contributions were sent to him, amounting to many hundreds of dollars. Mr. George W. Childs gave him the nine hundred or twelve hundred dollars which he first paid down on his house in Camden. Colonel M. Richards Muckle told me that first and last Mr. Childs gave Mr. Whitman about three thousand dol-

flowers, a horse, good air, and comfort; but he preferred Camden. The Mickle Street house, a frame one of six rooms, was cramped and full of cracks. It contained no furnace, and his bedroom ceiling could be easily touched with the hand. He enjoyed it, nevertheless. It was situated in a commercial part of Camden, and was the last place one would expect a poet to select for a home. He said it was a restful place, but that when he wanted almost entire seclusion and absolute rest, he spent the day in Philadelphia! Sly old dog! The street cars did not run in Camden on Sundays in his time. In addition to a noisy location. it was aggravated on Sundays by the proximity of a church, with a frightfully vigorous choir-a most rasping, nerve unsettling band of singers. As if this were not enough, there was certainly the vilest odor, at times (depending on the direction of the wind, if from the southwest), from toward the river that human nose ever encountered. It came from a guano factory on the Philadelphia side of the Delaware River. Mr. Whitman laugh-

ingly said, when I remonstrated with him for residing amid such an odor, that I must only visit him when the wind was nor', nor'east, east, or sou'east, and then there would be no odor. I took a friend to call on Mr. Whitman one even-The wind shifted while we were sitting talking under the tree on the sidewalk. Mr. Whitman had worn a hole in the bark of the tree with his right foot. My friend, an artist, not over favorable to Mr. Whitman's scheme of poetry, and possessing a sensitive nose, looked amazed. He gazed at me as the odor enveloped him. He got up, walked to a window of the house nut his head

chatted as though the balm of a thousand flowers encircled him. I wonder if my clothing is permeated." I explained to him, that the odor was from a fertilizing factory on the Philadelphia side of the Delaware River, and that its sudden contact with us was due to a change in the direction of the wind. "All right; but what kind of poetry can be expected from such surroundings? Advise your friend to move, and at once! His poetry is diseased from residing where he does; and he will probably die of blood poisoning if he continues to live there."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. WHITMAN IN CAMDEN (continued).

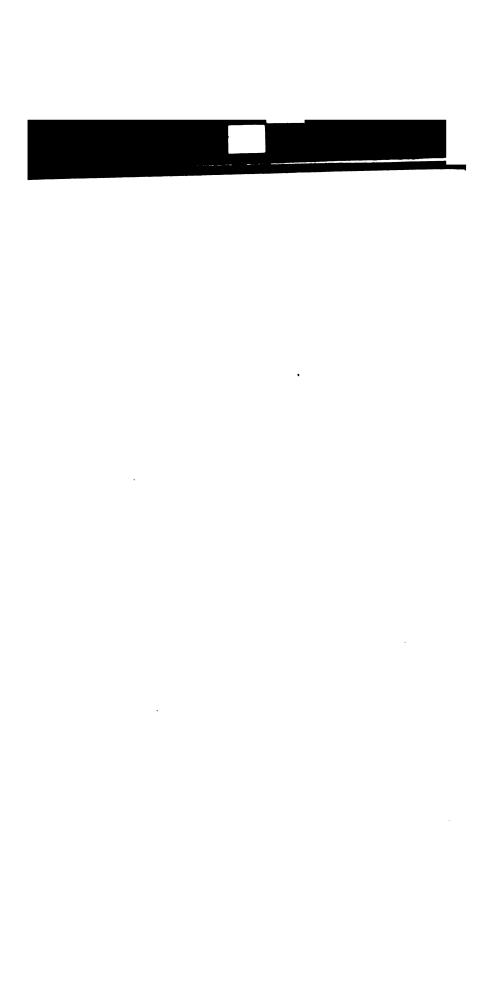
Awe as to the Whitman House—Curiosity of Some Neighbors— His House Habits—His Lack of Order and Neatness in His House—His Desultory Manner of Work—His Politics—Lack of Egotism—Another Friend Taken to Visit Mr. Whitman—Mr. Whitman's Numerous Visitors—Visit of Mr. Bram Stoker—Mr. Whitman's Large Correspondence—His Reverence for Wm. Cullen Bryant—His Terror of Amateur Poets and Poetry— Cautions as to Interviews—His Alleged Views as to the Cremation of Baron de Palm.

THERE was a certain awe and much

was to some a conglomerate dime museum. I never recall so many fat women in one locality as I do in Mr. Whitman's neighborhood in Camden. They were apparently always on the alert. They saw it that whatever went into Whitman house, he, she, or it, had an eye escort in and an eye escort out. From behind curtains, shutters, blinds, door-angles, and walls, you could see "eyes" upon you. Opposite, as I slid into Mr. Whitman's house one day, sat a bundle of dirt and bread with sugar on it, on watch. As I hurried in, I heard it yell: "Hurry, mam; a fat man at Whitman's door!" And presently a female watcher, of two hundred and fifty pounds, pattered to the door, wiping her wet arms on a check apron. She was at the family wash! I heard her say, as retreated: "Jimmie, watch if he comes out." This confirmed the suspicion I had long had, that some in the vicinity held that persons entered, but did not leave the Whitman house, and they mysteriously disappeared; that whether into the stove, into sausage

after the blood being sucked, or what, I never heard; but there was an apparent question as to all of this in the minds of many of Mr. Whitman's neighbors. At any rate he and his house were closely watched by some curious people who had never lived near a poet before. In addition, Mr. Whitman and Mrs. Davis minded their own business. That Camden should contain two such persons, in one street, was enough to create wonder.

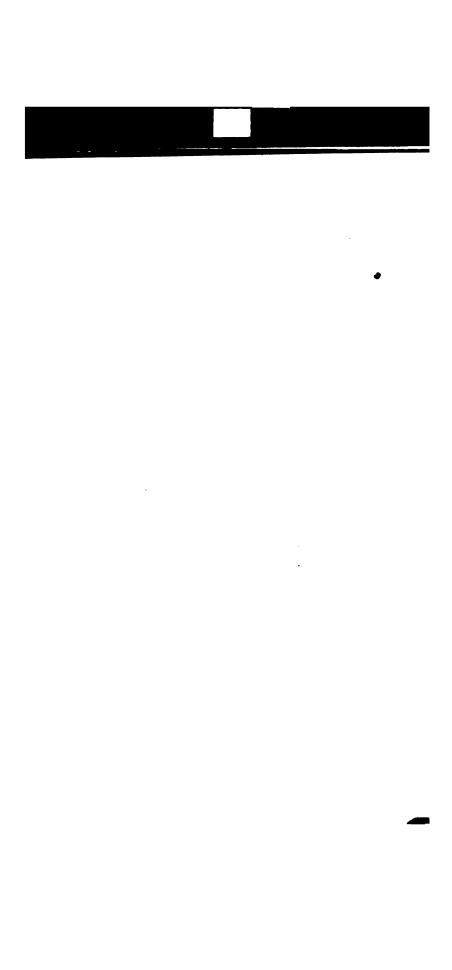
Now, with all of the above, many in Camden may not have understood or appreciated Mr. Whitman's poetry, but I know that they did the man. The people there treated him with kindness and



difter for Poem or set of Sonnet like Sorrowful & clouded. Uldages of emineuses Columbus.

feet and peer into his face by the hour. Sometimes he would throw a ball of cord or cotton twine on the floor and the cat would roll it back to him. This he and she would do for hours at a time. would sit three and four hours with this cat and the ball of twine for his companion, and not speak a word. Then, of a sudden, he would pick up a pen (one was always at hand on the window-sill) and write for a time on a tablet which lay upon his knee. He sometimes wrote on scraps of paper, on the inside of envelopes addressed to him, on the backs or on unwritten portions of letters received by him, and on paper received around packages; in fact, on anything that would carry ink. His manuscript was like Joseph's coat, of many colors. Sometimes he used half a dozen kinds of paper on which to complete one poem—a verse or two on each, and then he would pin them together. His poems he worked over and over again. He would roll a completed poem, or a book, or an article, up, wrap it about with a piece of twine, and throw it in the corner of his room. In his bedroom

were packages of manuscript in baskets, in bundles, or in piles. Some of them were mixed up with the lot of short, cutpine wood, which he kept to fire up his sheet-iron stove. He used the crook on his cane to hook out what he wanted from the pile on the floor. Usually, before sending a poem or a manuscript to a paper, or away, he had it set up in type and sent it to the publisher printed. I asked him who did this work for him. He laughed and answered, "Oh, an old fellow of my acquaintance." I often wondered if he did not go to a case somewhere in Camden and set them up himself. In most cases he used a nen-a huge Gillott or



"A man who wants to have original ideas, wants to let other people's alone." Sometimes poets sent him copies of their Many of these he gave away, with his autograph. I carried an offer to him for a poem of three verses, on "The Mill," for a monthly industrial publication. He was to receive twenty-five dollars for it. He told me, when I asked him to hurry it up, as the people wanted it, that he had tried, and tried again, but that it wouldn't come. "You know, in writing poetry, the machine won't always work. Mine won't in this case, and usually I have to wait until it does." The poem was never written. He always seemed to me to be thoroughly honest in whatever he did.

When taken with fresh spells of sickness, he would think his work closed. He practically closed his book or books, several times. Still, when better from the attacks, he would re-open and add to them.

In politics Mr. Whitman, in my time, rather inclined to be a Democrat. He had been a Republican, and was a Free-Trader. Most literary people are Free-

Theory is practice to most of them, and that is why so many of the purely literary people die poor. admired General Grant, General Sheridan, and Admiral Farragut. He was disinclined to talk much of the War at any time. He had an affectionate regard for the South and its people. He had lived among them and had been hospitably treated. summing up the War and its results, he seemed to skip all of its incidents, and ignored the reconstruction period. His idea was that as the people of the present time would soon pass away, and with them much of existing prejudice, while national unity for self-protection was an

The certain, mighty future of the Republic, in his eyes, caused temporary political excitements to seem as specks in the rim of the wheel. He believed in moral suasion in governing men, but in the present conglomerate condition of our population, thought and believed that force, and that of the promptest kind, was a valuable aid to moral suasion. He loved humanity, and believed he could help it in its upward and progressive march toward a better condition, mentally, morally, and physically. think the bettering of the moral condition of mankind was always uppermost in his mind. He could not see why a man who labored with his hands might not be educated, as well as one who worked with his head.

His egotism, if he had any, was never visible to me in his speech or personal acts. I never met a man of such standing who possessed as little personal egotism, or rather who made it less manifest in contact with him; and yet he impressed others, and even persons of much observation and ability, as a seeth-

ing mass of egotism. I recall that a visitor to Mr. Whitman, with me as sponsor, abused me roundly after a visit to him for in any way aiding, abetting, or giving countenance to such an "egotistical old humbug." Another, whom I escorted in person to Camden, sat in the quasi-dark of Mr. Whitman's small parlor in an easy-chair, and apparently listened while I drew Mr. Whitman out on various topics. I never heard him talk as well. My friend sat in a dark corner of the room, apparently a wrapt listener. About ten o'clock I arose and said to my friend, "Well, we had better go. Mr. Whitman is tired, and this is his hour for retiring."

villain!" I answered, "and you were asleep all of the time at Mr. Whitman's!" "I was, most certainly. The poet's voice lulled me into blessed repose two minutes after he began to talk. Really he is a remarkable man. I have had doctor after doctor try to give me early sleep, but they all failed. Count me in when any aid is required for Mr. Whitman. He is truly a remarkable man—should be 'Doctor' Whitman."

His visitors at Camden were sometimes numerous and of all sorts and kinds. His latch string was always out. Even when he was bedridden Mrs. Davis welcomed guests or callers and gave them civil answers. A visit to Mr. Whitman at his house, or meeting him at other places, was to many persons a decided disappointment. They did not find what they expected to find—a giant, uncouth, vigorous, terrible, who would now and then open wide his capacious and barbaric mouth and emit "yawps." ideas of Mr. Whitman were in most cases formed from adverse criticisms and descriptions. They found, instead of a freak

fit for a dime museum coming from residence in a hole in the ground in the cellar, and terrible in his wrath, a quiet, dignified, and lovable man, soft of speech and sweet in manner, and an everyday man in his thoughts and ideas, and without even self-assertion. Their disappointment in some cases was great, and they did not hesitate to speak it out, and sometimes in Mr. Whitman's presence. He would chuckle and laugh in a quiet way and reply, "Bless us! Bless us!"

Persons frequently had a strong aversion to meeting Mr. Whitman—a sentence, or a line, in some of his work had prejudiced them against him. I asked

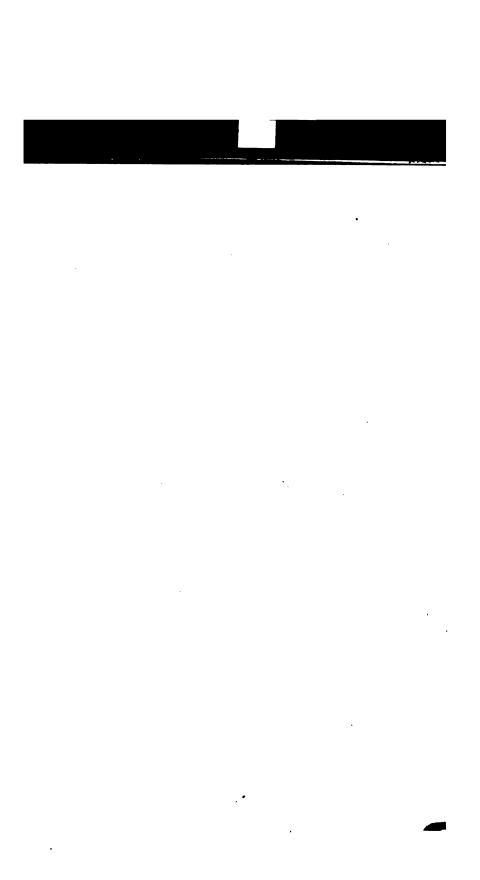
I recall the great pleasure he expressed respecting a visit from Mr. Tyars and Mr. Alexander, I think, of Henry Irving's Lyceum Company in 1883 or 1884. Mr. Whitman was pleased with their appearance and manner, and especially that they had read and appreciated his books while at home in England. Mr. Whitman looked with favor upon many besides the very well known and distinguished. I also recall a visit I made to Mr. Whitman accompanied by Bram Stoker, A. M., of London, in 1885. was a cold, raw day, but Mr. Whitman lighted the sheet-iron stove and made us comfortable. Mr. Stoker, a man of intelligence and cultivation, having had the advantage of association with the most cultivated in all walks of contemporary English intellectual life, was at his best. Mr. Whitman was captivated. Mr. Stoker had previously met Mr. Whitman at my house in Philadelphia in 1884. We remained an hour, and then left in spite of his protest. Many days after this visit he referred to it by saying: "And friend Stoker; where is he now?" I replied.

"In Chicago." "Well, well; what a broth of a boy he is! My gracious, he knows enough for four or five ordinary men; and what tact! Henry Irving knows a good thing when he tries it, eh? Stoker is an adroit lad, and many think that he made Mr. Irving's path, in a business way, a smooth one over here." I replied, "Indeed!" "I should say so," was his answer. "See that he comes over again to see me before he leaves the country. He's like a breath of good, healthy, breezy sea air."

He had a large correspondence at times from and with sensible people. He did his respect and admiration were unbounded. He seemed to avoid the names of politicians or soldiers in his talks. was seldom, when with one or persons, personally reminiscent unless pressed. At an evening company or in social circles for chat or instruction he would read poetry,-preferably not his own,-talk, read a paper, or become reminiscent as to others. As I have said, he never sought men's society because they were great or lauded above their fellows, and this probably accounted lack of personal knowledge for his of the leading contemporary public men.

Mr. Whitman had a terror of amateur poetry. Beginners in poetry sometimes visited, and many times wrote and submitted to him samples, for opinions. He positively declined to give them. I was much interested in an account given me by a friend, then moving on poetical lines, of a visit he made to Whitman in 1885. He carried with him a letter of introduction from a leading newspaper editor, which alone, outside of his personal

merits, would secure him attention. My friend had his pockets crammed with his own poetry, descriptive of nature. He was just from college, where he had acquired local credit as editor of the college paper and as a writer of good verses. Mr. Whitman was cordial and gave him an interview of an hour and a half. It was the day of General U. S. Grant's funeral, in New York City. Mr. Whitman dilated at length on General Grant's greatness and of his services to the Republic, meanwhile keeping a weather eye on my friend. Mr. Whitman also read a letter he had just received from a young lady in London giving details of a visit to



Whittier toward Conclusion some of the foregoing whom remonstrates "Why Condemn says to me Seams to me, yo Even Supposes all These

son, and Burns, and the classics; only these and nothing more. Most positively no!" My friend has always since been thankful that he did not proffer his manuscripts to Mr. Whitman before asking the question, and particularly thankful that he never referred to them at all. He retired in good order, after a pleasant interview, convinced of the poet's shrewdness.

Mr. Whitman was cautious as to interviewers. He had had an amusing experience with a newspaper reporter in the matter of the cremation of Baron de Palm in December, 1876. The baron's body was the first to be cremated at the crematory at Washington, Pa., and the proprietors were working every possible string to advertise their new industry. The press throughout the country was utilized to an unusual extent. On the morning of December 6, 1876, Mr. Whitman was handed a copy of a leading Philadelphia paper containing an account of the burning of the baron's body, and an opinion as to the same by himself! He was highly amused. He had not before heard

of the burning, and had never given a mortal an opinion on the subject:

A POET REGARDS IT WITH TREMBLING.

Walt Whitman talked of the cremation of Baron de Palm at his pleasant home in Camden. "I don't know what to think about this thing; God's acre won't be watered with tears or blooming in flowers any more if the grim old furnace stands there and the white ashes are blown by the winds. Why do these fellows want to disturb us? You have lived long enough, my boy, to see pretty nearly all your most cherished beliefs swept away by these reckless thinkers. Not that I would have the world kept in ignorance, or bound to a baneful practice by sympathy for the soulless forms that have life only in our memories. Knowledge is good if it does knock cherished de-

with life in it is a beautiful thing. I don't think we do right, St. Paul and the rest of us, in deriding its warmth of appetite and the passions that attend upon the flesh. And when the life is gone out of it I rather respect the old shell for all it has been, as well as for all it has contained."

Along with the arrival of the paper containing the above, came a note from the reporter who had written and furnished the paper with the Whitman interview:

DECEMBER 6, 1876.

DEAR MR. WHITMAN:

You will see by the ——, which I send you, that I took a liberty with your name last evening. I hope you will not be angry with me. I had interviews with bishops and doctors to get, and I had no time to get over to see you till it was too late. So I wrote something, getting in one or two things you had said to me in previous conversations. It won't outrage you, I hope. If it does, visit your displeasure upon yours, faithfully,

On the back of the above is indorsed, "Altitudinous and Himalayan gall."



MR. WHITMAN IN CAMDEN (concluded).

Dinner on His Seventy-second Birthday—"The Greatest Man in the World"—His Illness in 1888—Attempt to Have Him Make His Will—Help from His Friends—His Canadian Nurse, Eddie Wilkins—Wilkins' Account of His Habits.

O^N his seventy-second birthday, May 31, 1891, Mr. Whitman gave his friends his own house to hold a dinner in. It was a curious and interesting gathering —five women and twenty-seven men. The local color. Mr. Whitman was ill, but came downstairs in his own hobbling way and was seated as host. We began about 7 P. M., and were done at 10. Whitman was tired and wanted to retire There was much hand-shaking and good private chat. It was a most unusual collection of people (myself being left out), and a rather singular collection, physiologically considered. There were some very bright men present. women, with one exception, I did not know. The published accounts of this dinner give a color of supreme egotism in Mr. Whitman which was not correct. course, he was proud of the event. and delighted to meet his friends, but he did not gush and never once lost his head. Dr. R. M. Bucke sat near me, and once or twice called my attention to the fact of Mr. Whitman's self-possession, and of his talk being as clear as ever, or when at his best. One of the material incidents occurring at this dinner is not noted. It was near its end. After many letters regretting absence and necessity for declining, Mr. Whitman was called upon to speak

by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, who was toastmaster. Mr. Whitman remained seated during the entire dinner. Then a general symposium took place, Mr. Whitman leading. Near the end of the dinner a gentleman sitting near me arose and began to speak. He said in part: "I passed a man in Philadelphia to-night as I was coming over here to dinner and told him that I was going to dine with the greatest man in the world." The company looked up suddenly, and Mr. Whitman said: "Oh! oh! don't plaster it on too thickly; please don't." The gentleman continued: "I will tell you why I think him the greatest man in the worlddoorway of the back parlor, put his nose up in the air, and uttered a series of the most undogly howls I have ever listened to. It was so funny that we laughed until the tears ran down our cheeks. The dog continued to howl until the gentleman had finished, and then left as abruptly as he came. Whether it was the poetry or the method of reading it which caused the dog's uneasiness we never concluded.

A singular fact was that during this dinner there were no loungers about the front of the house. No boys looking in the windows, yelling or throwing mud or stones—no curiosity gazers. Respect for Mr. Whitman possibly prevented this.

Mr. Whitman was very ill in June, 1888. It was thought by his physicians that he would die early in that month. Dr. R. M. Bucke unexpectedly came from Canada to see him. Mr. Whitman had a stroke of paralysis on the 6th or 7th of June, and they sent for me. Dr. Bucke came to my house in Philadelphia on the morning of Sunday, June 9, 1888. He had been with Mr. Whitman all the night

before and had found him, as he thought, in a comatose condition. He was sorely troubled by the fact that Mr. Whitman had made no will; at least, no tidings of one had been had, and that his papers and manuscripts would be scattered. Thinking that he was very low and having no idea of Mr. Whitman's pecuniary condition, Dr. Bucke gave me his views of how Mr. Whitman must be cared for in the future. Mrs. Davis was worn out, and a permanent nurse must be provided for him and until his death. (He lived four years after this.) I agreed, while I knew that Mr. Whitman had money, and said that I would pay my share. Eventuman. I was there at 1 P. M. I found that Mr. Harned was also chiefly concerned that Mr. Whitman had made no will directing the disposition of his literary works or remains. Neither one of them seemed to have any idea that Mr. Whitman had any considerable sum of money in bank. Mr. Harned's plan was. that we three should be his literary executors, and on this idea we were to interview Mr. Whitman at the supposed point of death, and ask what he wanted to do in the matter of a will. We proceeded to his house on Mickle Street, and were shown in by Mrs. Davis. We walked upstairs to Mr. Whitman's room and sat down by his bed.

Before we went up, however, I met Dr. William Osler, the famous Philadelphia physician, who had just left Mr. Whitman. He said that he was in a bad way, but he might weather the storm. Dr. Osler frequently came professionally to see Mr. Whitman, and at a great loss of valuable time. I think Dr. Weir Mitchell suggested it. He never charged for such service. Dr. Osler expressed amazement

at Mr. Whitman's vitality under the circumstances.

We three sat near Mr. Whitman's bed. He was dressed and lying in a semi-conscious state outside the cover on the bed. Dr. Bucke called him and then touched him. It was with difficulty that he was aroused. Finally he opened his eyes and looked about. Catching Mr. Harned's face first, he then looked at me. Waiting a bit and as if coming back from a dream, he said, with a quiet look of humor, "Ah, the two Toms," and then to Dr. Bucke, "and you, Maurice." He laid back and rested and after a while continued, "And how are you all this bright morning?"

glance at him, I thought I could detect a sly wink as his eye caught mine. We retired in good order to the parlor below. I insisted that Mr. Whitman was not going to die, and that the humor of the scene above had struck him and would aid in prolonging his life. The others laughed at this. The sole motive of the two gentlemen was for Mr. Whitman's good, and to prevent the scattering of the results of his literary labors. I am not sure that any will was prepared at this time by Mr. Harned. A few days after this, Mr. Whitman asked Mr. Harned if a woman could be an executor of an estate (he wanted his brother's wife, Louisa W. Whitman, to close his estate), and also to give him the form of the attesting clause to a will under New Jersey law. Harned did this. Mr. Whitman wrote out his own will after this and provided for Mrs. Davis as he wanted to do, and, I believe, made his sister-in-law, Mrs. George Whitman, executrix. This will was replaced by the one made December 29, 1891, and with a codicil of January 1, 1892. If Mr. Whitman was physically

competent to make a will unaided December 29, 1891, his physicians were not at that time aware of it.

The next day after this visit I wrote to several of Mr. Whitman's friends in Philadelphia, as to the need of a nurse and as to Mr. Whitman's illness, and during the next few days received letters from Mr. George W. Childs, Horace Howard Furness, and George H. Boker, inclosing substantial checks for Mr. Whitman, to the order of Mr. Thomas B. Harned. The letter of Mr. Boker was:

1720 WALNUT STREET, July 12, 1888. My Dear Mr. D.:

I inclose you something for dear old Walt and

of June, 1888. If there was anything in the world he disliked, it was attempts to control or to patronize him. I know, however, that he fully understood the motives of Dr. Bucke and Mr. Harned in the matter of this proposed will. It was not for mere personal self-adulation or notoriety.

The nurse provided for Mr. Whitman after our meeting of June 9, 1888, Eddie Wilkins, a fine manly Canadian twenty-two, proved a most excellent one, and Mr. Whitman became fond of him. Mr. Wilkins frequently came over from Camden to my house with messages and business matters from Mr. Whitman. He left Mr. Whitman in October, 1889, and was succeeded as nurse by Warren Fritzinger, a young man of twenty-five and a son of Mrs. Mary O. Davis, his housekeeper and friend. Fritzinger, "Warry," remained with Mr. Whitman from October, 1889, until his death, a faithful and earnest man. last visit Mr. Wilkins made to me was on October 16, 1889. I made a note of his conversation:

PHILADELPHIA, October 16, 1889.

Eddie Wilkins, the Canadian nurse or attendant of Walt Whitman, came over from Camden to see me to-day with a message from Mr. Whitman. He brought to me a letter and a package of portraits (of Mr. W.) along with a copy of the new edition of the "Leaves of Grass," and manuscripts.

The letter was an acknowledgment of \$50 from Henry Irving and \$25 from Bram Stoker of London, merely an unsolicited and friendly present of money from two admirers.

His acknowledgment to Mr. Irving was as follows:

"Re'cd. of Henry Irving \$50. Accept thanks, and acknowledgment. Walt Whitman."

And a duplicate of this to Bram Stoker, for \$25. Eddie informed me that he was to leave Mr. Whitman on Monday next and return to Canada

he enjoys it. He seldom uses profane language, but one day upon my mentioning the name of a woman whom I had met, he became furious, denounced this woman as a viper, a sneak, and a 'hell cat.' It was the only time Iever saw him angry. I do not think that he has a very exalted opinion of women in general. He eats about what any other person does, but is very fond of a bit of sherry and a banana. uses no whisky or tobacco, only when ill he sometimes takes a little whisky. He rises about eight, eats his breakfast, and reads the daily papers. He seldom reads a book, but chiefly the magazines and current monthlies. Every day I find him reading his Bible. He lays in bed much of the time, his hands clasped over his breast, with his eyes closed. He usually receives visitors while lying down. He tires of them soon, and after they retire complains that they ask too many foolish questions, and 'taffy him too much about his works.' This is especially true of one, a Methodist preacher who is a very frequent caller and gives Mr. Whitman much 'sweetness.' I find that while he likes and dislikes very strongly, he seldom expresses an opinion against anyone. He is a man of great tact, and in my opinion, one of great ability. I see no vanity in him, and do not think he has an undue quantity. His shrewdness is great. He keeps his business to himself, and talks but little even to his intimates. I think he talks freer to you than anyone who comes to see him. I want to give you an idea of his

100 WALT WHITMAN, THE MAN.

shrewdness. One day in May last, a young and spruce fellow called at the house and introduced himself as Lieutenant Minton of the United States Navy. Mr. Whitman was cordial, and Mr. Minton frank. He said that he had just returned from China; had been stationed there several years. Mr. Whitman's admirers in the American Navy out there had read and reread his works. They had raised a little fund of \$230, and asked him to bring it to Mr. Whitman at Camden. Mr. W. gave one of his 'Ah's,' and Mr. Minton continued, 'I placed it in the Trust Company on Federal Street in this town for you this P. M., intending to mail you the check provided I did not have the pleasure of an interview, so here is the check, and by the way, Mr. Whitman,' handing him the check, 'I have been at a small expense, say five dollars, in attending to this matter; can

said, 'My, my, Eddie, think of that smooth-tongued fellow trying to do a poor old devil like me out of five dollars! Well, well, well! times must be very hard out in the world when the sharpers have to chase such poor game as I am.'

"I never heard him speak of religion or talk of the future. His common expression in speaking of men or women who have moral faults is, 'It's the critter's way, and he (or she) can't help it,' or 'The critter's bad and he can't help it.' He receives about two letters a day, and frequently a large number of requests for autographs. I usually confiscate the stamps inclosed, and he don't answer.

"He writes frequently to Dr. Bucke, and to his sister. His sister-in-law, Mrs. Colonel Whitman, comes to see him every week. He is very fond of her. You know, of course, that he pays the board [alternate weeks] of an imbecile brother [in a Sanitarium]. This is a pretty heavy tax on him. He has money in bank; how much I can't say. I have carried his bankbook to and fro several times, but have never opened it. During this year he has received several large sums, one of \$250 from the birthday dinner [May 31, of this year]-which affair he thought little of, saying to me that 'it was too much gush and taffy'-and the one from you of seventy-five dollars. During the year he drew out one hundred dollars only. Oh, he is careful about money, and knows its value. His personal expenses are almost nothing per day. He likes cologne, and I buy it for him fre-

quently, to use about his person. You know he is very cleanly in his person, but untidy about his room. He considers it almost a sin to sweep it. He makes a great row when it is done. He is certainly a curious man. He never calls me at night, seldom during the day, and I remain with him not more than two minutes each time. He is very independent and wants to and does help himself. He is stubborn and self-willed as to this, and does as he pleases. You can only get along with him by letting him have his own way. He is in bad physical condition, much worse than when I came to him. In fact another stroke of paralysis will end him, as he has already had two. I hardly think he will live out the year. I dislike to leave him, but my worldly future depends on other work than nursing."

Ċ.

•

.

.

•

The Francisted Ship some unused lagoon some nameless bay

CHAPTER VI.

WALT WHITMAN AS A LECTURER.

Mr. Whitman as a Lecturer from 1878 to 1886—Not a Success as an Orator—His Lecture on Abraham Lincoln at Philadelphia, April, 1886—His Appearance and Reception—Large Pecuniary Result—His Acknowledgment of the Efforts of Friends to Make it a Success—Robert G. Ingersoll's Lecture for Mr. Whitman's Benefit at Philadelphia, October, 1890—The Receipts Therefrom.

M. WHITMAN lectured once or twice each year, from about 1878 to 1886, sometimes in New York, Philadelphia, or Camden—Abraham Lincoln was his favorite theme. These lectures netted him in some instances large sums of money. He was not a success as a lecturer, in the matter of oratory.

One of the events of Mr. Whitman's later life was the lecture he delivered on Abraham Lincoln in Philadelphia, April 15, 1886. I called to see him as to its arrangement, and made a minute of my visit and of the lecture.

104 WALT WHITMAN, THE MAN.

CAMDEN, N. J., March 2, 1886.

This evening I called on Walt Whitman to propose that he lecture on Abraham Lincoln, about the 14th of April, at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia. He delivered the lecture at Morton Hall, Camden, last night. He agreed, and I am to try to arrange it. His stove pipe, as usual, slipped out of the fire board, and it was amusing to see us two put it back again.

He spoke of Oscar Wilde's visit to him some four years ago. I mentioned that Dr. Huston of Philadelphia, on Saturday evening last, at an assembly at Mrs. Heavens' in Chestnut Street, told of a visit he had made to the Wilde family in Dublin, twenty or twenty-five years ago, and of the odd things they did. After the main dinner was eaten and the dishes removed, a quantity of crumbs of bread were left on the cloth. It is usual to have

and led the orchestra. Mr. Whitman came to the rear door of the theater in his buggy, with Bill Duckett, about 3.30 P. M. He limped in behind the stage, and was seated. Mr. James P. Deuel, the stage manager of the house, was arranging the stage with his men, who all looked curiously at Mr. Whitman. Meanwhile I asked him what he would take for the receipts of the lecture. He said, "Fifty dollars." "Nonsense!" I replied. "Will you take three hundred dollars?" "Yes, sir," he answered sharply. "Will you take four hundred dollars?" "What!" "Will you take five hundred dollars?" "Hold on," he called out; "don't guy me!" I closed by saying: "I will give you a check for five hundred and fifty dollars for your receipts." He looked sharply at me and in a moment said, "Five hundred and fifty dollars? Well, what a good effort I must make!" He was more than surprised.

Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Furness, the sweetest and loveliest of men, almost eighty-five, came behind the scenes and began a chat with Mr. Whitman about old times, and pro- and anti-slavery days. Mr. Whitman said, "Well, I always looked upon the radical abolitionist as a sort of a revolutionist." Before Mr. Furness could reply, Mr. Deuel, the stage manager, at 4 P. M. gave the call for the curtain, and Mr. Whitman was raised up, and I escorted him to the right wing for entrance. He was in his usual gray dress, with open collar, and cane.

The house was well filled. Mr. Whitman walked out unattended and sat down in an armchair by a table, on which were a lamp and a bouquet of flowers. About him were many palms and rare plants. It was a pretty picture. He read his

trich feathers. It had on it in ink autographs of Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, Emerson, Lowell, Hans C. Andersen, Dickens, Longfellow, and other immortals. How I did hunger for that fan! It was the property of Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore of Philadelphia. She wished Mr. Whitman's autograph. I took it to him and he signed it. I reluctantly handed it back to Mr. Jermon for its accomplished and charitable owner.

Mr. Whitman realized from this lecture \$692.

Mr. T. Williams sent Mr. Whitman,	\$ 304.00
Sent by T. D.,	375.00
Afterward sent to Mr. Whitman, .	13.00
In all,	692.00

Of course the subscriptions were large.

The door receipts were,	8 78.25
Mr. George W. Childs gave,	100.00
Mr. Dion Boucicault,	50.00
Dr. S. Weir Mitchell,	100.00
George H. Boker,	50.00
Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore,	50.00
Mr. H. H. Furness,	50.00
J. B. Lippincott & Co	

108 WALT WHITMAN, THE MAN.

David McKay,	\$10.00
C. C. Bryant,	10.00
E. S. Stuart,	10.00
W. W. Justice,	10.00
E. T. Steel,	5.00
Frank Thomson,	10.00
P. A. B. Widener,	10.00
William M. Singerly,	10.00
W. L. Elkins,	10.00
J. M. Scovel,	5.00
Ascheron—a Society,	45.00
	David McKay, C. C. Bryant, E. S. Stuart, W. W. Justice, E. T. Steel, Frank Thomson, P. A. B. Widener, William M. Singerly, W. L. Elkins, J. M. Scovel, Ascheron—a Society,

The remainder of the total sum was from ticket sales by persons or for admission at the door. Mr. Whitman was greatly pleased. A few days before he had received six hundred dollars from Eng-

and labor in my lecture and raising by it \$679 for me. I appreciate it all, and indeed thank you.

It is the biggest stroke of pure kindness and concrete help I have ever received. But all formal letters must just fizzle down to this card, whose duplicate I send to T. W.

(Signed) WALT WHITMAN.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll lectured at Philadelphia for Mr. Whitman's benefit in Horticultural Hall, October 21, 1890, and on Mr. Whitman's poetry. title of the lecture was "Liberty in Literature." This lecture grew out of a suggestion made by, and credit is due for the same to, Mr. J. H. Johnston of New York—an old and valued friend of Mr. Whitman's. Mr. Johnston came to Camden and arranged for the lecture. netted Mr. Whitman some eight hundred and seventy dollars. There was some friction before the lecture about the use of a hall by Colonel Ingersoll. Some hide-bound creed zealots raised a bit of smoke about Colonel Ingersoll being permitted to use the hall. They did not have charity enough to see the worthy

110 WALT WHITMAN, THE MAN.

object of the lecture, above the personal

views held by the lecturer.

The hall was crowded; Mr. Whitman was present and received an ovation. He was grateful to Colonel Ingersoll and Mr. Johnston for this help.

CHAPTER VII.

WALT WHITMAN'S LITERARY AIMS, HOPES, EXPECTED LITERARY RESULTS, AND RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

Mr. Whitman's Literary Aims—Lack of Popularity of His Work—His Literary Hopes—Possessed a Happy Nature—Moral Man, with Mankind's Best Life at Heart—His Peaceful Ways in Life and Near Its End—His Religious Views—Not a Mysterious Man—Above the Masses—His Object in His Work—Persecution by Certain Literary Persons—Various Views as to Him and His Work—Left No Successor—Possible Only Once Perhaps in a Century—Two Whitmans—His Method of Writing Poetry—The Something Back!—Meaning of His Work—Mr. Symonds View of It—Mr. Whitman and Omar Khayyám.

R. WHITMAN never intimated to me, in any way, that he ever thought whether he would have a permanent place in literature. He had done his work; if it benefited man, it would be remembered. If it proved useful, it would be kept alive. If not—why care? His literary work gave him bread—a scant supply at times, and latterly furnished a crippled and worn man with employment

-but, above all, it furnished him an outlet for opinions and views held which might be of service to some in the battle of life. He was a brave man, and his prose and poetical works all breathe the spirit of hope, and are a plea for labor, with head or hands. In his cosmogony there is no place for the idler in nature. The useful, along with the ornamental in life, was his aim and belief. Crippled and nearly helpless, he worked to the year of his death. He did not believe in the doctrine of chance; but did in results, from thought and labor. He was grateful and filled with reverence; he was attentive to the lowly and loved the unfortunate.

that his work, "Leaves of Grass," and all, was an attempt to make such an explanation of life, daily need, economics, necessities, and rules of morality, as should be accepted by all-in fact a rallying point from which to encourage men into action, upon the belief held that station and progress were the common heritage of the earnest, honest worker of all ranks. Of course I had, and have, my own views of all of this, but I never argued them with him. All originators or advocates of theories that I have met were and are, as a rule, dreadfully in earnest. Mr. Whitman was entirely so.

One point he seemed never to consider, during the statement of his aims, hopes, and expectations—that, to the ordinary people of the English-speaking race, his works are about as intelligible as the Greek Testament; and that it will be some generations, if at all, before a people will be produced who will read Whitman as they now do and will, for centuries, read the graceful and tuneful poets, Shakspeare, or the Bible. If Mr. Whit-

man has any popularity among the masses as a poet or writer, his book sales fail to show it. A popular edition of his works would be a failure as to circulation, and but few of the class intended to be reached would buy or read his works. You never hear him quoted in general conversation by verse or sentence. Mr. Whitman was not in any sense and is not the poet of the people. Certain of our people, and those who loved the Union, admired and respected him for his devoted care in nursing Union soldiers, and constantly recalled this. Thus his name was frequently before the country; even Congress had an eve to this. If his literary

and which he believed good for mankind; and such as they were, he gave them to the world.

His precepts are to affect the masses by being amplified and expounded to them by students, writers, and orators, and this will be the chief future value of his works in their relation to mankind.

The purely scholarly man may or may not look upon his works as curiosities. The thoughtful man will find in them much to instruct him, but the masses do not read him. Mr. Whitman said of this last fact: "Time makes strong men weak, and sometimes those whom we consider weak, strong."

I know, in his last years, that he was more interested in getting out of the world respectably and without noise or undue notoriety, than he was in the matter of earthly fame. He had a long and lingering illness, with frightful pain, but it was borne like a stoic, and Death's battle was well won. Still, with all of his misfortunes and physical disabilities, Mr. Whitman to the last extracted much

sunshine from life, and shed its rays about those with whom he came in contact. His was essentially a happy nature. He never intruded his miseries or woes even on his intimates.

even on his intimates.

Mr. Whitman always seemed to me to be at peace with the world, and the spirit of this peacefulness he tried to put in his work. Now and then, as I have written, he spoke angrily as to certain persons named; but, as a rule, he was just the reverse of critical as to other people. I never heard him pass an adverse personal criticism on a living writer. I mean by word of mouth. I never heard a lascivious expression from him, and but

hungry, and cold, and neglected, but his dignity and manhood were preserved.

As outdoor life and its comforts passed from him, and he was restricted to indoors, I used to watch for signs of emotion or regrets. I never observed one. His actions seemed to say, "Well, that's done; what next?" His practice was to submit cheerfully to the inevitable. I believe that he thought deeply on it, as outdoor life was denied him, and it grieved him inwardly, but it was, to him, all in life; and his outward cheerfulness seemed to increase rather than diminish. Adversity made him more lovable and aroused his good angels to new efforts. He disliked being a trouble to anyone.

His religious views have been variously stated. I never could discover a trace, even, of creed superstition in him. His imagination was active and aided by his study of the Greeks and Italians, but nowhere, or in any conversations, did I find a trace of superstition in the matter of a physical hereafter—a physical hell or a belief in the supernatural. Christ was no mystery to him.

118 WALT WHITMAN, THE MAN.

His divinity he never questioned in the matter of his life works; considering divinity as all that's best for mankind. The Bible he read for its language, grammar, sublime thoughts, moral precepts, and beautiful imagery. Its incongruities, in the light of present science and discovery, he did not mention, but passed over as things to be omitted in speech. The present good and standard morality of the Bible were enough for him, without considering its mere fables or graphic illustrations, which never could have been possibilities. He always saw the good in the Bible, and was for its actualities. It amused him to hear or

creed. Creeds did not trouble or interest him personally, in the least. He had none, in the sense of the usual definition, He believed in a supreme power, being, or control. He did not care for creeds, because he could find no particular divine or supreme authority for them. All, in his view, were God's children. If so, then why should creed wars between them be essential? Why assert that souls could alone be saved because preferring a certain creed? As to doubtful things he simply did not know, and he said that he had never met anyone who did know.

Mr. Whitman was always for liberty and never for license. His charity was as large as his nature, and he had an excuse for all of the fallen. Mr. Whitman impressed me, by his conversation on life, immortality, and such topics, as one who, in common with others who had investigated and reflected on the subject, as being reluctant to even attempt to formulate a description of Deity or to describe in detail its or his attributes. Mr. Whitman's religion was duty. His

religion, in the eyes of some, was merely non-belief in creeds on doubtful questions. The truth was that he considered life too short to quibble over immaterial questions of creed. I never heard him say that he believed in a personal immortality, but he did hint at a future. In the years I knew him I never heard him say a thing, or knew him to do an act or deed which might not have been done by the most rigorous moralist or the highest possible type of those professing Christianity. He was in faith, if anything, a Unitarian. One day in April, 1890, he gave me his Bible and on its title page wrote:

some curiosity hunters in literature think they are. I do not believe he ever cared a rap for what anyone thought he was,) He was very sensitive as to the opinion of elevated and good men and women, but cared nothing for that of the masses, whose life was his constant thought; not that he was above them in station or ability, but from the knowledge that the mass, as a rule, resist men who knuckle to or attempt to patronize them. His pedestal was set not on their exact level, but put an inch or so above them. He well knew that if he cringed to the masses, he would be looked upon by them as merely one of their number. This is why he is not and never can be, in our day, a popular poet.

The crowd at Mr. Whitman's funeral bore no testimony to his popularity as an author. It was an ideal day. The cemetery had been but recently opened. Important ceremonies were expected. Nature was smiling and beautiful. The newspapers had been full of the expected event for some days, and Robert G. Ingersoll was to deliver an address. Such was and is the popularity of Colonel

Ingersoll that were he advertised to make an address in a ten-acre lot, he would fill it. And, in addition, it was all free, which is always a great inducement to the public.

His work and his object in giving it to the world are frequently misunderstood.

To some it seemed the height of the ridiculous to see a full-grown man, in an out-of-the-way place, writing, from time to time, messages to the world, or formulating precepts, or "bearing testimony in writing," as some called it, to a world that never read them. Newspapers were reluctant to publish them, and Mr. Whitman's medium of circulating his

suggested, that he was producing a book of essentials as to life and its conduct. to supplant all others (save, of course, the Bible), he missed it. If his scheme was to assimilate all book expression, every written method of conveying ideas and forms of ideas, to the system developed in his book, or works, he missed it again. If he aimed to stand alone in literature, he succeeded, and surely does. No man of this century, in letters, has been so differently judged. By many he is looked upon as the poet of license, and as an authority for rioting in morals. very many, cultured, intelligent persons, do not possess, let alone read, his works. He is unread; is a mystery; is read and scoffed at; is read and adopted; is read and laughed at; is read, is cheered, and is declared immortal. To one who knew the man, was about and with him, watched him, listened to his precepts, saw his blameless life, knew his charity, all the above seems a mystery. Still he is now a factor, in whatever light you look at him. Will he be, in the future?

Any man or woman who would now attempt to follow Mr. Whitman in literary work, and issue a volume on his literary basis, would be set down at once as an educated idiot! Mr. Whitman left no successor, left no apostle, or emitter of Whitmanic lore. He was a peculiar product, possible only once, perhaps, in a century, and alone. A duplicate would be unnecessary, and an imitation of Mr. Whitman would be base metal, at sight. What he was, he was; what he is, he is. His work in any view did mankind, as a whole, no harm, and has aroused the hopes and aspirations and bettered the condition of many persons, and will con-

seldom talked as he wrote. His conversation was usually of the ordinary, commonplace kind, and such as is gone over, day by day, by ordinary people. I do not believe, and this is strengthened by the fact that he so intimated it, in relation to a minor poem, that, when Mr. Whitman started a theme in verse, or prose, that he had the remotest idea when he would make port, or how he would land. He said to me, "I just let her come, until the fountain is dry." That is, when the subject ceased to enlarge itself. He made a poem in sections, in bits, at all and odd times; and when the idea struck him as being fully drawn out, he fitted the links together, rejecting much that he had written. limit his space, by saying, "I want a three- or four-verse poem," meant to limit his ideas. His breadth of mind and grasp of entities could not be limited by the number of verses.

Mr. Whitman was a man of deep and constant thought. He thus desired to be alone. He held mental dialogues with himself, and argued, pro and con, many

questions, and evolved conclusions therefrom. He read less of books than any man of literary pursuits I ever knew, or heard of. I think that he always did his best in his literary effort, and felt that he did so; not that the construction might not be improved by working over, but the ideas as first stated were used and were satisfactory to him. He had an inner motive, for back of all the practical in the man, and in his work, and back of the work itself, there is an attempt to convey a belief in a something, an undefinable something; not a "dude, utterly too too," but an idea. Mr. Whitman would frequently in argument shake his

other human characters, he never found it, and has never expressed it. Thus far, the concentrated brain power of all the past or present time, as expressed in the art preservative, has failed to find or make plain the very thing Mr. Whitman as well failed in and could not make plain. Whitman is dreadfully differed about as a poet. A poem, as I understand it, is a means of conveying an idea. Ideas are more easily conveyed, or impressed and received, when clothed in euphonious and pleasant language. Mr. Whitman did not usually employ such methods. It would have been best for his fame if he had, and his words would reached more people. Language, with him, was to convey thought; not merely to be a jingle of soft and harmonious phrases. He did not fish for sweet and soft words, with rhyming terminals to his sentences; because, with him, substance and not form was chiefly in view. The mysteries of life, unsolved in creation, life and death, can be talked about, and this Mr. Whitman has well done; but they cannot be solved by the human

mind. The mystery remains, Whitman or no Whitman. It would seem that his idea is, and his work means, "The world is an oyster any man of courage can open, as it is made for all. It's a free battle. The best equipped and the bravest will lead. To-morrow is just before you. So go in, my lad. Science, art, knowledge, are all aids to the fighter; so utilize all—brain, body, Nature and her resources. They are yours; they are

any man's or woman's who will use them." So he was and is called the poet of democracy, believing in self-help, self-government, self-reliance—not only action. His chief hope is to aid man to rely upon himself and to cast aside fears and doubt, and walk forth to the battle of life a self-reliant knight, determined to subdue nature and the elements to his own use and that of his fellows; and to be happy and contented. He invokes the possibilities to the use of man, and incites human ambition to always battle for the best in morals, habits, daily life and actions. He is an apostle of Hope, as well as an apostle of content with \angle the knowable. In showing the mysteries of nature, as things to be uncovered, he wrote plainly and, perhaps, too openly, of things known, and common in life, but which the world holds best concealed by a mantle of reticence and non-mention. This drew and does draw wrath upon him. Expressing no opinion as to his method, one thing I am sure of—Mr. Whitman possessed in a masterly degree true poetic genius.

I would call his works not poems, but "A Collection of Thoughts." "Leaves of Grass" is generic as a title, but really meant and means a name broad enough

to take in all that he might write, connected or disconnected matter. "Blades of Grass," in the sense of variety, as a title, might have been a better selection.

The largest view of the works of Mr. Whitman is given by John Addington Symonds in "Walt Whitman: A Study," 1893, p. 12. He thus sums them up:

It is useless to extract a coherent scheme of thought from his voluminous writings. He tells us himself that he is full of contradictions, that his precepts will do as much harm as good, that he desires to "tally the broad-cast doings of the day and the night." But though he may not be reducible to system, we can trace an order in his would have openly and unhesitatingly criticised his own literary efforts and blue-penciled them, from an outside view, as if he were merely an editor.

Mr. Whitman as a rule received so little honest praise that he may have become hungry for the bit he did receive, and sometimes too gladly told of it or spread it about. He accepted all, as the great river takes in streams. He was a creative man. He did not sit in judgment on his praisers. He took their slush and gush as well as their honest thoughts as to him. He was a builder, not a destructionist. While personally not vain or egotistical, he took delight in the fact that his work was admired by the thoughtful men who praised it. sonal zeal for his work was a commendation to him, only in a measure. He liked men because they were men.

The personal and critical tributes Mr. Whitman met as to his work would have unhorsed almost any other man. He accepted them, and pushed on in the same channels. He always forged ahead on the old lines. His friends often expressed

more feeling than he did against libel, slander, and calumny. He bore it meekly and went right on. He knew that his purpose was honest, his motive was the bettering of the condition of mankind; to kindle hope in the breast of the struggling, cheer the weary, and give courage to the fallen. He may have expressed it all crudely, but the truth was behind it all; chunks of wisdom and blocks of good intentions are embraced in his work. The future delver will find therein meat and bread for his thought.

He soon heard of articles as to himself or his work. One day I called Mr. Whitman's attention, soon after it appeared, to man, which struck some of those who read it as frigidly appreciative. He subsequently told me that he had first opened upon the keynote of a glowing panegyric, but felt the pompous absurdity of its exaggeration. He began again, subduing the whole tone of the composition. When the essay was finished in this second style, he became conscious that it misrepresented his own enthusiasm for the teacher who at a critical moment of his youthful life had helped him to discover the right line of conduct.

Mr. Whitman was an anomaly among men. His person, his habits, manners, methods, and the result of his labor were unique. He was brave, non-complaining, and patient. He had done his work, and was ready to go. He had years of sickness and a long and frightful season of suffering before death—who can say that sudden death is not preferable in every view to such a death as his was? In pain, helplessness, and a half dazed condition, at times for months, he longed for death. He waited for it with hungriness. thing but life under such conditions. No visions of a coming celestial splendor made his waking moments pleasant. No hope of recovery, or of anything but an

increase of pain, opened to him as life continued. Each day that he lived brought assurance of increased misery. The body was fading; the vital parts seemed reluctant to die even in their own exhaustion. The soul, the mind, the man were there, and at times in full vigor, while the case was wrecked. Grandly and clearly his mentality stood above the slowly straining and wasting body, almost until the vision of perpetual earthly night set in. Why may there not be a to-morrow of death for such minds!

Sometimes authors mark passages in the works of fellowauthors and thus indicate their own opinions. Mr. Whitman Omar's philosophy of the universe and of life finds much similarity in Mr. Whitman's—a coincidence, of course. I presume in the marked passages given Mr. Whitman found congenial ideas and may have recognized in them parallels in his own work.

In the life of Omar and preceding the Rubáiyát, he marked with a very heavy line this sentence: "Omar's Epicurean Audacity of Thought and Speech caused him to be regarded askance in his own Time and Country."

In the life where the reviewer speaks of the dislike of Omar and his method of poetry by the Súfis, who had a class of rhyming poets as adherents and who catered in their poetic compositions to a people "as quick of Doubt as of Belief," Mr. Whitman marked in heavy underline "A people delighting in a cloudy composition of both [i. e., Bodily sense and Intellectual], in which they would float luxuriously between Heaven and Earth, and this World and the Next, on the wings of a poetical expression, that might serve indifferently for either."

Also Omar "having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any World but This." Here Mr. Whitman marks "He set about making the most of it, preferring rather to soothe the Soul through the Senses into Acquiescence with Things as he saw them, than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they might be," and "he [Omar] very likely takes a humorous or perverse pleasure in exalting the gratification of Sense above that of the Intellect."

This he marked in heavy line: "For whatever Reason, however, Omar, as before said, has never been popular in his

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough, A Jug of Wine, a loaf of bread—and Thou Beside me Singing * * * *

(Enjoyment.)

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day, How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way. (To the body.)

XIX.

I sometimes think that never blows so red The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled; That every Hyacinth the Garden wears Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender green Fledges the River Lip on which we lean-Ah, lean upon it lightly, for who knows From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

(Beauty.)

The xxvii. verse, page 8, of the Rubáiyát, seems to especially fit Mr. Whitman's experience. The poet, after noting the long and patient discussion of the

two worlds (here and the hereafter) writes:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

XXVIII.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow, And with my own hand wrought to make it grow; And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd— "I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

The ten following verses seem to embrace in a measure Mr. Whitman's ideas of the subjects treated:

WALT WHITMAN'S LITERARY AIMS. 139

XXXIII.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn In flowing Purple, or their Lord forlorn. Nor rolling Heaven, with all his signs reveal'd And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XLVIII.

A moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo! the phantom Caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from * * * *

(The journey of life.)

LXVI.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible, Some letter of that after-life to spell; And by and by my soul return'd to me, And answered: "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."

LXVII.

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfilled Desire, And Hell the shadow of a soul on fire, Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves, So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII.

We are no other than a moving row Of Magic Shadow—shapes that come and go Round with this Sun—illumin'd lantern held In Midnight by the Master of the show.

LXIX.

Impotent Pieces of the Game he Plays Upon the Chequer-board of Nights and Days: Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays, And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXXII.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky, Whereunder groveling coop'd we live and die, Lift not your hands to *It* for help, for *It* As impotently rolls as you or I.

LXXXI.

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make, And ev'n with paradise devise the snake: For all the Sins wherewith the Face of Man Is blackened—Man's forgiveness give—and take!





CHAPTER VIII.

WALT WHITMAN'S SERVICES TO THE UNION CAUSE IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION, 1862–1865.

He Decides to Become a War Nurse—And to Embody His Observations in a Book—Starts to Raise Money to Help Him in His Work—Letters in Reference to Same—Applies for a Clerkship in the Treasury—Quotations from "Specimen Days"—Pension Bill Introduced in Congress—The Report in Full.

AFTER Mr. Whitman went to Washington in 1862, to see his wounded brother, he wrote letters to newspapers, and most readable ones they were. Then it was that the idea struck him, seeing the misery about, to become a visitor, nurse, or attendant in the hospitals about that city and to do literary work at the same time. His object in jotting down his war memoranda in hospitals, camps, and on the battlefields was to make a book, after a while, because he knew that his best efforts, if published contemporaneously with the War, would be forgotten

Inquiry has been made as to the source of the income used by Mr. Whitman to maintain himself while nursing and aiding the soldiers in the hospitals in and about Washington, in 1862, 1863, 1864, and 1865. He made some money writing for newspapers and magazines—also by selling a few of his books. His personal wants were few. His daily expenses for food

aid and that of his friends for Mr. Whitman's plans. Mr. Redpath's letter of March 10, 1863, from Malden, Mass., explains itself:

WALTER WHITMAN, Esq., WASHINGTON.

DEAR EVANGELIST: The inclosed note may interest you [Mr. Emerson's of February 23, 1863], and therefore I send it. I wrote to Mr. Emerson to get him to interest some of his friends (he has several rich ones who give away large sums to various good causes) in your Christian Commission Agency. I trust that the result will be what I hoped.

Yours Very Truly,

JAMES REDPATH.

Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. O'C. [O'Connor] and Mr. Eldredge.

Mr. Emerson's letter, referred to and inclosed to Mr. Whitman, as above, is as follows:

CONCORD, 23d February, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: On my return, a few days since, from a long Western journey, I found your note respecting Mr. Whitman. The bad feature of the affair to me is that it requires prompt action, which I cannot use. I go to-day to Montreal to be gone a week, and I have found quite tyrannical necessities at home for my attention. Not to do

nothing I have just written a note to Mr. F. N. Knapp at Washington, who, I am told, ought to know what you tell me, and may know how to employ Mr. Whitman's beneficial agency in some official way in the hospitals.

As soon as I return home, I shall make some trial whether I can find any direct friends and abettors for him and his beneficiaries, the soldiers. I hear gladly all that you say of him.

Respectfully,

MR. REDPATH.

R. W. EMERSON.

Mr. Emerson, on his return from Canada, wrote to or saw several friends as to Mr. Whitman, and gave Mr. Redpath a letter to show other persons, indorsing Mr. Whitman.

This letter shows that Mr. Emerson at this time attempted to obtain money to aid Mr. Whitman in his soldier work.

Mr. Whitman, during the summer of 1863, wrote a letter to Mr. Redpath relating to his sick and wounded work, which Mr. Redpath handed to Dr. L. B. Russell, of 34 Mt. Vernon St., Boston (probably along with the letter from Mr. Emerson). Dr. Russell, September 21, 1863, wrote Mr. Whitman, care of Major Hapgood, Paymaster, U. S. A., corner 15th and F streets, Washington, D. C. (Mr. Whitman, for many months, received his Washington mail at Major Hapgood's.)

MY DEAR SIR: I have been much interested in a letter from you to Mr. Redpath, written some weeks ago, which I have lately seen, and am very glad to send you the inclosed check to be used for the benefit of our noble "boys" in the hospitals, in your discretion. I have seen much of the hospitals myself, and I know how much good your friendly sympathy must do them, and also that even a slight pecuniary aid is sometimes very acceptable to them in their forlorn condition. Of the inclosed check ten dollars of the amount is contributed by my sister, Mrs. G. W. Briggs of

Salem, to whom I read your letter, and ten dollars by my friend Edward Atkinson. The balance I give to the "boys" with great pleasure, and I will very gladly give more hereafter, when I hear from you of the receipt of this and find that more is needed.

As your letter is not of a very late date, I do not feel certain your address may be the same as at the time you wrote. Please inform me how this is, as I hope to be able to send you more from other friends.

I hope you will continue in your good work, as I am sure from your letter and from what my friend, Mr. Emerson, says of his own acquaintance with you, that your visits must give great comfort to our suffering men.

I am, with much regard, Very Truly Yours, many other persons. Mr. Whitman wrote Dr. Russell on receipt of the letter of September 14, 1863. The letter following shows the manner of Dr. Russell's aid:

Boston, October 1, 1863.

Mr. Whitman:

It was with exceeding interest that Mr. Curtis and I listened to the letter you lately wrote to Dr. Russell, which came to us through my sister, Miss Stevenson.

Its effect was to make us desire to aid you in the good work you are engaged in, caring for the sick and wounded soldiers. We inclose thirty dollars and feel very glad to have the opportunity to minister to their comfort. Mr. Curtis would send it anonymously, but I think it is pleasant to know where one has excited an interest, and in asking you to acknowledge its receipt, my wish is most to be sure that it has reached its destination.

With regard, I am,

MARGARET S. CURTIS.

Dr. Russell, in a letter of October 4, 1863, to Mr. Whitman, writes:

The hospitals are too cold, too regardless of human feeling; treating our brave volunteers too much like mere professional fighters, not enough like thinking, suffering men. The difficulty of getting discharges and furloughs, even in cases

clearly demanding such indulgence, is very great and seems to increase rather than diminish. I wish some more humane rules could be established. I have tried to prevail upon those in authority to ameliorate the system but without effect.

I have received twenty dollars more to be forwarded to you, ten dollars each from my friends (Henry Lewis of Boston, and Benjamin H. Silsbee of Salem), but I retain it for a few days, hoping to add more to it.

I have sent your letter to our friend, Miss Hannah E. Stevenson (whom you may remember as an ardent worker in one of the Georgetown Hospitals), who will send it to some of her friends. She informs me that her sister, Mrs. Charles P. Curtis, has written to you. She was much interested.

have confidence that he is doing great good and shall send him more hereafter. I have received twenty dollars more for him and expect other contributions. I sent the letter to our friend, Miss Hannah E. Stevenson, and her sister, Mrs. C. P. Curtis, has sent a letter and contributions to Mr. Whitman. Nobody can read the letter without tears and open hand. I thank you for sending it to me.

L. B. Russell.

Mr. Redpath inclosed this letter of Dr. Russell's to Mr. Whitman, from Boston, on October 8, 1863:

To Walt Whitman, Nurse and Philosopher.

DEAR SIR: I don't answer your letter by words, as you asked for cash; and to get cash, being minus the article myself, required time. I put the train in motion and am glad to find that it has reached you. I am preparing to keep it going.

I met R. W. Emerson after I got your letter and tackled him. He had but little to give, but he gave that and a letter, which I used first among the female philanthropists and then with Dr. Russell.

I sent you five dollars, from Phillips three dollars, Emerson one dollar. Did you get it? I will send you Emerson's letter, if you would like it. I got another from him this A. M., acknowledging Dr. Russell's letter (which I inclose). It contains a fine compliment to the doctor, which I wish to show him in order to stimulate him.

Thanking you for the opportunity you gave me to help the soldiers, and regretting that I can do so little, I remain, your friend.

JAMES REDPATH.

On October 6, 1863, Miss Hannah E. Stevenson wrote Mr. Whitman:

SIR: I took from Dr. Russell your letter to Mr. Redpath, to stir some warm hearts to aid you in your blessed work among our sick and wounded boys. My sister, Mrs. Charles P. Curtis, has already written you. Her husband's tears and her own, your touching words coined into gold or greenbacks. I inclose you to-day thirty dollars, the result of an application to my friends, the Misses Wigglesworth.

Respectfully,

The faithful Redpath wrote Mr. Whitman, October 14, 1863:

Glad to know you are now in good running trim. I will do all I can here in one direction to keep you supplied with funds.

JAMES REDPATH.

Dr. Russell writes Mr. Whitman from Boston, November 8, 1863.

DEAR SIR: I received the other day from a "Breckinridge Democrat," now converted, the inclosed sum of twenty dollars, after he had read your letter.

L. B. RUSSELL.

On April 22, 1864, Mr. Whitman received the following letter:

MR. WHITMAN:

I have been very much interested in your hospital work, of which I have heard through my brother, Dr. Russell of Boston. I inclose seventy-five dollars, which I have collected among a few friends in Salem, and which I hope may be of some little service to our brave boys, who surely should not suffer while we have the power to help them. You have our warmest sympathy in your generous work, and though sad to witness so much suffering, it is indeed a privilege to be able to do something to alleviate it.

I hope to be able to send you an addition to

this contribution, and thought of waiting for a larger sum, but I see that you are having numbers of sick sent in to Washington daily, so you will be in immediate want of money.

Very Gratefully Your Friend, MRS. GEORGE W. BRIGGS, April 21. Salem, Mass.

From this correspondence it can be seen that the pecuniary aid (outside of his newspaper work) received by Mr. Whitman was largely from Boston and other places in Massachusetts, and was obtained by James Redpath, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. L. B. Russell, Mrs. C. P. Curtis, Miss Hannah E. Stevenson, and Mrs. George W. Briggs of Salem. The

soldiers. He stated his case and thankfully received any contributions. Dr. L. B. Russell was a visitor at Washington in 1863 and after. He met Mr. Whitman and saw and appreciated his work; hence his continuous interest.

In the fall of 1863, as Mr. Whitman's resources were very slim, he determined to apply for a clerkship in the Treasury Department at Washington. The hours of work were short and his spare time could be given to the hospitals, and in addition, after decently clothing his body and providing it with food, he could spend the money he would receive from his labor for the soldiers. It was not to store up money that he wanted a clerkship, but to be able to expend more; especially as his "soldier work" was a constant drain upon a few patriotic men and women in the North, who might at any time cease their contributions. Someone, probably the always loyal and constant James Redpath, in the fall of 1863, wrote for him to Ralph Waldo Emerson, asking him to write to Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, to give Mr. Whitman a clerkship. Mr. Emerson's letter to Mr. Chase must have been a personal one; no copy of it is at hand. This letter was written with Mr. Whitman's knowledge and he probably had it in his possession, as he mentions it so frankly in the minute given in facsimile. Mr. John T. Trowbridge, the author, is the Mr. Trowbridge referred His call on Mr. Chase was made December 10, 1863. Mr. Whitman's minute, made in Washington, is dated the day after. This effort of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Trowbridge seems to have concluded Mr. Whitman's effort in the direction of a Treasury clerkship, while wounded soldiers to or from their parents or friends, and in case of death, in many instances, notified their relations or friends. He sat by the sick and wounded, fanned them, talked or read to them, and aided the surgeons in dressing their wounds. He prepared envelopes addressed to himself and with stamps, and gave them to the soldiers whom he desired to hear from after they left Washington. Hundreds of these envelopes were used by the men in writing to him. They were almost uniformly like the facsimile given.

Mr. Whitman early saw that a little money would be of more service to many of the wounded or sick soldiers than delicacies; besides, with a bit of money, they could buy what they wanted. As to this and the money he received for that purpose, he is in full evidence in writing.

GIFTS, MONEY, DISCRIMINATION. (1864.)

As a very large proportion of the wounded came up from the front without a cent of money in their pockets, I soon discovered that it was

Friday Dec 11 63 This foresoon Mr Frontiege has been with one - he had a talk with had a talk yesterdy with Sty Chase about me presented Emersonis letter to Mr C - he said some commonplaces about wish; oblige RWE. & M Trowling then said he considered caves of Grass a very bad ook & he ded not know four he could possibly bring

about the best thing I could do to raise their spirits, and show them that somebody cared for them, and practically felt a fatherly or brotherly interest in them, to give them small sums in such cases, using tact and discretion about it. I am regularly supplied with funds for this purpose by good men and women in Boston, Salem, Providence, Brooklyn, and New York. I provide myself with a quantity of bright new ten-cent and five-cent bills, and, when I think it incumbent, I .give twenty-five or thirty cents, or perhaps fifty cents, and occasionally a still larger sum to some particular case. As I have started on this subject, I take opportunity to ventilate the financial question. My supplies—altogether voluntary, mostly confidential, often seeming quite providentialwere numerous and varied. For instance, there were two distant and wealthy ladies, sisters, who sent regularly, for two years, quite heavy sums, enjoining that their names should be kept secret. The same delicacy was indeed a frequent condition. From several I had carte blanche. Many were quite strangers. From these sources, during from two to three years, in the manner described, in the hospitals, I bestowed, as almoner for others, many, many thousands of dollars. I learned one thing conclusively—that beneath all the ostensible greed and heartlessness of our times there is no end to the generous benevolence of men and women in the United States, when once sure of their object. Another thing became clear to mewhile cash is not amiss to bring up the rear, tact

and magnetic sympathy and unction are, and ever will be sovereign still.—Specimen Days and Collect., p. 57.

THREE YEARS SUMM'D UP.

During those three years in hospital, camp, or field, I made over six hundred visits or tours, and went, as I estimate, counting all, among from eighty thousand to a hundred thousand of the wounded and sick, as sustainer of spirit and body in some degree in time of need. These visits varied from an hour or two, to all day or night; for with dear or critical cases I generally watch'd all night. Sometimes I took up my quarters in the hospital, and slept or watch'd there several nights in succession. Those three years I consider the greatest privilege and satisfaction (with all their feverish excitements and physical deprivations and lamen-



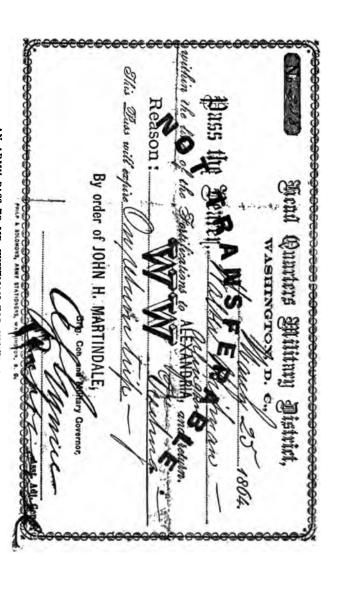
PES FOR CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIM. HE GAVE OUT THOUSANDS DEDIERS LEAVING HOSPITALS AT WASHINGTON DURING THE WAR THE ADDRESS HIMSELF. South, without exception. I was with many from the border States, especially from Maryland and Virginia, and found, during those lurid years 1862, 1863, far more Union Southerners, especially Tennesseans, than is supposed. I was with many rebel officers and men among our wounded, and gave them always what I had and tried to cheer them the same as any. I was among the army teamsters considerably, and, indeed, always found myself drawn to them. Among the black soldiers, wounded or sick, and in the contraband camps, I also took my way whenever in their neighborhood, and did what I could for them.—Specimen Days and Collect., pp. 78 and 79.

Mr. Whitman lived a plain and practical life in Washington in 1863, 1864, 1865, or while receiving and disbursing the money in question. That he applied it (and much of his own money) in excess of a bare living, to the purpose for which it was subscribed, is borne out by the fact that he was so miserably poor when out of Government employment. His pay as clerk and copyist in the Departments at Washington he used for living purposes until 1873, when he went to Camden, and there he spent what he had saved and remained poor, and frightfully poor at

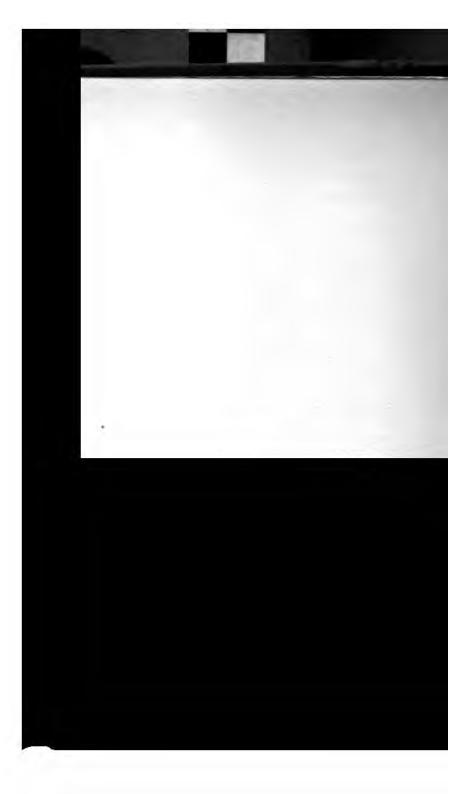
times, until, by sale of his books from 1876 to 1885, and certain efforts of his friends, he got on his feet.

He notes his preparation for visits to the hospitals in this way:

In my visits to the hospitals I found it was in the simple matter of personal presence, and emanating ordinary cheer and magnetism, that I succeeded and help'd more than by medical nursing, or delicacies, or gifts of money, or anything else. During the War I possessed the perfection of physical health. My habit, when practicable, was to prepare for starting out on one of those daily or nightly tours of from a couple to four or five hours, by fortifying myself with previous rest, the bath, clean clothes, a good meal, and as cheeerful an appearance as possible—Specimen Days and



AN ARMY PASS TO MR. WHITMAN FOR VISITING ARMY HOSPITALS.



needing special and sympathetic nourishment. These I sit down and either talk to, or silently cheer them up. They always like it hugely (and so do I). Each case has its peculiarities and needs some new adaptation. I have learnt to thus conform—learnt a good deal of hospital wisdom. Some of the poor young chaps, away from home for the first time in their lives, hunger and thirst for affection; this is sometimes the only thing that will reach their condition. The men like to have a pencil and something to write in. I have given them cheap pocket-diaries, and almanacs for 1864, interleav'd with blank paper. For reading I generally have some old pictorial magazines or story papers-they are always acceptable. Also the morning or evening papers of the day. The best books I do not give, but lend to read through the wards, and then take them to others, and so on: they are very punctual about returning the books. In these wards, or on the field, as I thus continue to go round, I have come to adapt myself to each emergency, after its kind or call, however trivial, however solemn, everyone justified and made real under its circumstances—not only visits and cheering talk and little gifts—not only washing and dressing wounds (I have some cases where the patient is unwilling anyone should do this but me), but passages from the Bible, expounding them, prayer at the bedside, explanations of doctrine, etc. (I think I see my friends smiling at this confession, but I was never more in earnest in my life.) In camp and everywhere, I was in the

habit of reading or giving recitations to the men. They were very fond of it, and liked declamatory poetical pieces. We would gather in a large group by ourselves, after supper, and spend the time in such readings, or in talking, and occasionally by an amusing game called the game of twenty questions.-Specimen Days and Collect., pp. 51-52.

The proposition to pension Mr. Whitman for his services as an Army nurse, by Congress, in 1887, was chiefly prevented by Mr. Whitman. His pecuniary condition had changed-and for the better. He was not a dependent and did not want to be so considered. Therefore, the bill, although reported favorably to

SERVICES TO THE UNION CAUSE. 163

as to his services. This was first published in Mr. Lovering's Report.]

49TH CONGRESS, 2D SESSION.

H. R. 10707.

REPORT No. 3856.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

JANUARY 17, 1887.—Read twice, referred to the Committee on Invalid Pensions, and ordered to be printed.

FEBRUARY 1, 1887.—Committed to the Committee of the Whole House and ordered to be printed.

Mr. LOVERING introduced the following bill:

A BILL

Granting a pension to Walt Whitman.

- 1 Be it enacted by the Senate and House of
- 2 Representatives of the United States of
- 3 America in Congress assembled, That the
- 4 Secretary of the Interior be, and he hereby is,
- 5 authorized and directed to place on the pension-
- 6 roll the name of Walt Whitman, and pay him
- 7 a pension of twenty-five dollars a month.

49TH CONGRESS, 2D SESSION.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

REPORT No. 3856.

WALT WHITMAN.

FEBRUARY 1, 1887.—Committed to the Committee of the Whole House and ordered to be printed.

Mr. LOVERING, from the Committee on Invalid Pensions, submitted the following

REPORT:

[To accompany bill H. R. 10707.]

The Committee on Invalid Pensions, to whom was referred the bill (H. R. 10707) for the relief and in the impromptu hospitals, where thousands lay wounded, helpless, dying.

Returning to Washington with the convalescent wounded, and at the time having no definite plans, but interested in the good work, he continued his visits to the hospitals and stayed on, and on, gradually falling into the labor and occupation of nursing. Any place he could be of most good or render most service seemed most satisfactory to him. Says the Philadelphia Progress, November 11, 1882:

It is not generally known that Walt Whitman's frequent spells of paralysis and sickness the last fifteen years are legacies from his overstrained labors in the secession war. Never was there a grander and more perfect physique than he threw into that contest in 1862 with all the ardor of his nature, and continued till 1865, not as a destroyer of life, but as its savior, as volunteer Army nurse and missionary day and night, through the whole of three uninterrupted years, always tending the Southern wounded just the same as the Northern.

William Douglas O'Connor, in a letter dated Washington, December 2, 1865, said:

He has been a constant voluntary nurse night and day at the hospitals from the beginning of the war to the present time; a brother and friend through life to the neglected and the forgotten, the poor, the degraded, the criminal, the outcast. His is the strongest and truest compassion I have ever known.

Of all men I know, his life is most in the life of

the nation. I remember when the first draft was ordered, at a time when he was already performing an arduous and perilous duty as a volunteer attendant upon the wounded in the field—a duty which cost him the only illness he ever had in his life, and a very severe and dangerous illness it was, the result of poison absorbed in his devotion to the worst cases of hospital gangrene, and when it would have been the easiest thing in the world to evade duty, for only then, forty-two or forty-three years old he looked a hale sixty, and no enrolling officer would have paused for an instant before his gray hair. I remember, I say, how anxious and careful he was to get his name put on the enrollment lists that he might stand his chance for martial service; this, too, at a time when so many gentlemen were skulking, dodging, agonizing for substitutes, and practicing every conceivable device to escape military duty.

John Swinton, in a letter to the New York Herald, April 1, 1876, says: trated in the service of their country. I first heard of him among the sufferers on the Peninsula neard of him among the sufferers on the Peninsula after a battle there. Subsequently I saw him time and again in the Washington hospitals. His devotion surpassed the devotion of woman. It would take a volume to tell of his kindness, tenderness, and thoughtfulness. Never shall I forget one night when I accompanied him on his rounds through a hospital filled with those wounded young Americans whose heroism he has wounded young Americans whose heroism he has sung in deathless numbers.

When he appeared, passing along, there was a smile of affection and welcome on every face, however wan, and his presence seemed to light up the place as it might be lit by the presence of the

Son of Love.

From cot to cot they called him, often in tremulous tones or in whispers; they embraced him, they touched his hand, they gazed at him. To one he gave a few words of cheer, for another he wrote a letter home, to others he gave an orange, a few comfits, a cigar, pipe, or tobacco, a sheet of paper, or a postage-stamp; all of which and many other things were in his capacious haversack. From another he would receive a dying message for mother, wife, or sweetheart; for another he would promise to go an errand; to another he would promise to go an errand; to another, some special friend, very low, he would give a manly farewell kiss. He seemed to leave a benediction at every cot as he passed along. The lights had gleamed for hours in this hospital that night before he left it, and as he took his way toward the door you could hear the voice of many a stricken hero calling, "Walt! Walt! Walt! Come again; come again."

His basket and store, filled with all sorts of odds and ends for the men, had been emptied. He had really little to give, but it seemed to me as though he gave more than other men.

The following is an extract written by a lady to Richard Maurice Bucke, M. D.:

I remember calling on him (Whitman) in Washington, during the war, with Mr. T. He occupied a little room in the third or fourth story of a house where he could get the cheapest rent. He was just eating his breakfast. It was about 10 A. M.; he sat beside the fire toasting a slice of bread on a jack-knife, with a cup of tea without milk, a little sugar in a brown paper, and butter in some more brown paper. He was making his meal for the next eight hours; he was using all his means and time and energies for the sick and wounded in the hospitals.

Dr. R. M. Bucke, in his work on Whitman, says:

A surgeon who, throughout the war, had charge of one of the largest Army hospitals in WashingFrom my personal knowledge of Mr. Whitman's labors in Armory Square and other hospitals, I am of opinion that no one person who assisted in the hospitals during the war accomplished so much good to the soldier and for the Government as Mr. Whitman.

Numberless extracts could be made showing the same tireless devotion and the noble, unaffected, self-sacrificing, patriotic nature and work of this man through the long weary years of the civil conflict, alike to the sick and wounded of the South as well as of the North. His was a mission to be performed at the expense of personal comforts, at the risk of health or life, if need be; in fact, at any cost.

He, who at that period boasted that never had medicine passed his lips, had no thought or fear of ever breaking down, so engrossed was he in carrying out his chosen work. But, like many another, in his strongest moment he was weakest; for the risks he took in dressing sickening fetid wounds, many times brought in crawling with corruption, eventually broke him down.

The surgeons called his disease hospital malaria. But his splendid physique, his peculiarly sensitive and sympathetic nature, was sapped by labor, watchings, dreads, deaths, and anxieties of three long years, before it finally succumbed to disease. This was in the hot summer of 1864. He never recovered from it. He went North a short time, and gaining strength he returned, apparently better, to his hospital work, which he continued



till the close of the war, but never again the strong, athletic man he was. Constantly ailing, his disease culminated or merged into paralysis, the first stroke occurring in February [January] 1873. During that year and 1874 and 1875 his life hung upon a thread, since which time he has been alternately sick or partially well. He is now a permanent paralytic, and with the greatest difficulty gets from one room to another, in his humble little dwelling on Mickle Street, Camden, N. J. He is sixty-eight years old and poor, and were it not for small contributions from time to time, from friends who sympathize with him in his poverty, age and helplessness, would actually suffer for the bare necessaries of life. Your committee have been informed that for many years his income from all sources has not exceeded an average of two hundred dollars, which to a person in his helpless condition goes but a short way

SERVICES TO THE UNION CAUSE. 171

little delicacies and articles not on the hospital bills of fare; that while engaged in this work his strong constitution was undermined and broke down; that ever since he has been a constant sufferer, your committee therefore are of opinion that he is fairly entitled to the gratitude of the country in this the hour of his age and dependence.

They therefore report back the accompanying bill and recommend its passage.



MR. WHITMAN'S HORSE AND BUGGY, 1885.

His Infirmities Increasing—The Idea of a Horse and Buggy Occurs
—A Letter Sent Out—Prompt Response of Those Addressed—
A Number of Characteristic Replies—The Horse and Buggy
Are Presented—Mr. Whitman's Gratification—The Pleasure He
Took in It and Good that It Did Him.

M. WHITMAN'S infirmities increasing, and his outdoor locomotion being prevented thereby, in August,



MR. WHITMAN IN HIS BUGGY—BILL DUCKETT, HIS BOY FRIEND WITH HIM. CAMDEN, OCTOBER, 1886.

. .

WHITMAN'S HORSE AND BUGGY. 173

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK, August 29, 1885.

MY DEAR ---:

In re W. W., of course!!! You are a dear good fellow for the thought and I am obliged to you for letting me in the crowd. Gee! Whoa!

Wm. J. FLORENCE.

MY DEAR MR. —:

August 29, 1885.

I am greatly obliged to you for letting me know about Walt Whitman's "horse and buggy." I am up here in the country, where it is somewhat difficult to lay hold of checks, etc., but I will mail you my ten dollars early in the week. If there is any deficit I shall be glad to help still more.

By the way, that English subscription galls me. If he needs anything cannot the money be raised at home? I had no idea he was straitened. I started that New York lecture scheme some time ago (going to Europe, though, before it was delivered), and would at any time be glad to make an humble subscription in any movement started.

Sincerely,

R. W. GILDER.

Mr. Gilder was at a summer outing place when the above was written.

HARTFORD, CONN., September 3, 1885.

DEAR -:

Here is the ten dollars for a Whitman horse. It ought to buy a pretty good one as horses go.

Try to get a horse with a mane and tail. This looks better. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

ELMIRA, August 26, 1885.

DEAR MR. -:

(Ten dollars inclosed.)

I comply instantly, with thanks for letting me in. I have a great veneration for the old man, and would be glad to help pay his turnout's board, year after year, and buy another when it fails.

Truly Yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

BELMONT, MASS.,

September 4, 1885.

DEAR SIR: Please find inclosed a check for ten dollars. I have heard through Mr. Bartlett of Boston, that a movement is on foot by which Walt Whitman's friends are permitted to join in a plan John G. Whittier, in a personal letter from Danvers, June 5, 1885, among other things wrote:

DEAR FRIEND: I am sorry to hear of the physical disabilities of the man who tenderly nursed the wounded Union soldiers and as tenderly sung the dirge of their great captain. I have no doubt, in his lameness, that a kind, sober-paced roadster would be more serviceable to him than the untamed, rough-jolting Pegasus he has been accustomed to ride—without check or snaffle. I inclose my mite, for the object named in thy note, with all good wishes.

I need not say perhaps that I have been pained by some portions of W. W.'s writings, which for his own sake, and that of his readers, I wish could be omitted.

Thy Friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., September 4, 1885.

DEAR SIR: I shall be happy to contribute my ten dollars toward the kindly object you mention. Will a check on the Hamilton Bank of Boston answer the purpose? If so, I will send it whenever notified.

Yours Very Truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., September 8, 1885.

My Dear Sir: It gives me pleasure to inclose the check for ten dollars which I promised as my cheerful contribution to the kind project for the benefit of Mr. Walt Whitman.

Very Truly Yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

PHILADELPHIA,

MY DEAR -:

September 8, 1885.

Your letter has just been received here. It gives me great pleasure to inclose ten dollars. After a fellow has his bread and butter paid for there is nothing better for his money.

Faithfully,

EDWARD T. STEEL.

LONDON CANADA

WHITMAN'S HORSE AND BUGGY. 177

NEWPORT, R. I., September 9, 1885. Box 555.

DEAR SIR: Absence from home has prevented an earlier reply to your favor of August 31, regarding the horse and buggy for W. Whitman. I hasten to acknowledge it and to say that I will gladly subscribe, How shall I send the amount? If by check, to whose order? Excuse haste.

Truly Yours,

EDWIN BOOTH.

PHILADELPHIA,

September 10, 1885.

My DEAR SIR: Inclosed please find the ten dollars for the horse and trap.

With hopes of its enjoyment by the old man, I am,

Yours,

WILLIAM M. SINGERLY.

PHILADELPHIA,
September 10, 1885.

Here's the cash and mum's the word. Yours,

A. K. McClure.

PHILADELPHIA, September 15, 1885.

DEAR MR. --:

I inclose check to your order for ten dollars, on account of the Whitman gift. I hope you will bear in mind the stipulation that if there is any

deficiency I am to have the privilege of helping to make it up.

Yours Very Truly,

TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

PHILADELPHIA, September 15, 1885.

MY DEAR -:

Of course I am glad to give the inclosed sum for any object in which you are interested, and this object is so good I am glad to give it for the object's sake.

Sincerely Yours,

WAYNE MACVEAGH.

PHILADELPHIA,

September 15, 1885.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Childs received your polite note of 8th inst., on his return from Long Branch. He desires me to hand you the twenty dollars inclosed

WHITMAN'S HORSE AND BUGGY. 179

opportunity of showing my regard for Walt Whitman.

I inclose my check for ten dollars and remain, Gratefully Yours,

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

Another from Mr. Furness of date of September 21, 1885:

DEAR MR. --:

I am personally grateful to you for the privilege of aiding in the gift to "the good gray poet."

How admirably you managed it!

Pray always count me in whenever there is anything to be done for the ease and comfort of Walt Whitman.

Are you not out of pocket yourself for the printing of this "Account of Disbursements"? And won't you let me go shares?

Faithfully Yours,

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

September 21, 1885.

PHIJADELPHIA, September 12, 1885.

DEAR MR. --:

Yours received. The scheme of a horse and buggy for Walt Whitman is right. Here is my check for ten dollars.

Yours,

CHAS. EMORY SMITH.

NEW YORK, September 12, 1885. MY DEAR -

I deem it a pleasure to join with you and others in the reminder to the grand old man, that the pleasure he has afforded us is not forgotten by his admiring friends.

Sincerely,

S. B. ELKINS.

LONDON, CANADA, September 12, 1885.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 3d followed me up here, where I have been some time, much broken up with nervous exhaustion from overwork, to which this wretched handwriting testifies. I send you with pleasure the sum you mention for dear old Walt's equipage. Hoping it will help him on, and glad to be allowed to chip in, I am,

Very Truly Yours,

WM. D. O'CONNOR.

tions, perhaps, to erect a decent tomb for our dear old poet? What do you say to making the effort? I was a subscriber to such a fund for Wm. Wood, the actor, and for Mr. Sully, the artist, and God only knows how much good it did those worthy old men after they were past helping themselves.

Besides, as your observation must have taught you, pensioners never die; and we would like to assure to Whitman a physical as well as a literary immortality.

> Yours Very Sincerely, GEO. H. BOKER.

Another from Mr. Boker:

*1720 WALNUT STREET, September 21, 1885.

My Dear Mr. ---:

I congratulate you on having arranged the affair of the "turn-out" so admirably. If you are able to do everything in this manner, I shall be happy to place myself, my family, and my fortunes under your wise guardianship.

There was an English "whip" who said that he had but one ambition, i.e., "to stand upon the sidewalk and see himself drive by in a four-in-hand!" I am sure that it will equal the Englishman's impossible pleasure to me, when I first see noble old Walt roll by in his phaeton.

With my love to him, I am,
Very Sincerely Yours,
GEO. H. BOKER.

One of the gentlemen invited to subscribe was absent from Philadelphia until September 30, 1885. To show his interest in the matter, he wrote the following:

> PHILADELPHIA, September 30, 1885.

My Dear Sir: On my return home after an absence of three weeks I find your letter in reference to the horse and buggy for Walt Whitman. I should be delighted to be counted in for so laudable an object, and if not too late will be glad to forward you the amount.

Very Truly Yours, Frank Thomson.

I dropped in at Mr. Whitman's house in Camden in a usual manner at about out! and there's Blaine. Well, well, how the lad does seem to fit it! How comfortable it does look!" I replied: "Yes; that does seem comfortable. It belongs to you." "Eh?" "It belongs to you;" and then I handed him a letter containing the names of the contributors and an envelope with \$135.40 in it, the unexpended balance. He looked at the paper, read it, looked at me, then out of the window, and finally the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. I left shortly after. I was told that for an hour before sunset of that day a buggy was seen speeding at a fearful rate about the edges of Camden, and driven by a venerable man, who did not seem disposed to cease riding. Finally, about dark, this modern "Jehu" was prevailed upon to quit the buggy and come into the house.

Mr. Whitman's pleasure at this gift was so real, unaffected, and earnest, that all who contributed were paid tenfold. I think he prayed for each and all of them, for he was a devout, if not a creed man. Mr. Whitman said, after he received the horse and buggy: "I have before now

made me so lame lately t up my walks. It seems t was made for me in Colu it is as easy and convenie It is very low in the bee and deep cushions. Oh famous time this fall."

Mr. Whitman wrote ment to the gentlemen Columbus (O.) Buggy Geo. M. Peters, C. D. O. G. Peters, all of Col their kindness in the matt

> 328 Mick Camden, N. J.,

Thank the Columbus Bug workmen, for the beautiful lool perfect buggy furnished me. day,—my only exercise,—and riding vehicle I ever sat in. most opportune kindness and s After all subscriptions were in, the gentleman in charge sent out to each subscriber a copy of the following:

PRIVATE.

Statement of Receipts and Disbursements of fund for Buggy and Horse, for Walt Whitman.

326 North Fortieth Street,

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., September 17, 1885.

The names are printed as the subscriptions were received.

No person was permitted to give more than ten dollars.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. J. Florence, New York City; R. W. Gilder, New York City; Talcott Williams, Philadelphia, Pa.; T. H. Bartlett, Boston, Mass.; Edwin S. Stuart, Philadelphia, Pa.; Chas. Dudley Warner, Hartford, Conn.; S. L. Clemens, Hartford, Conn.; W. W. Justice, Philadelphia, Pa.; L. N. Fairchild, Belmont, Mass.; E. A. Buck, Spirit of the Times, New York City; Oliver Wendell Holmes, Beverly Farms, Mass.; Edward T. Steel, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. R. M. Bucke, London, Canada; Dr. Beemer, London, Canada; John Boyle O'Reilly, Boston, Mass.; Wm. M. Singerly, Philadelphia, Pa.; Alex. K. McClure, Philadelphia, Pa.; John G. Whittier, Danvers, Mass.; Edwin Booth, Boston, Mass.;

Pa.; Geo. W. Childs, Philac Drexel, Philadelphia, Pa.; C. York City; Thomas Donaldson Receipts,

DISBURSEMENT

For	one	Buggy	Phaeton,			
	Mr. V	Vhitman	bу	Columi		
	Bugg	y Co., Va	lue,	\$ 275.		
Bug	0°V	lterations	1 21	id expi		

- Buggy—alterations and expr Philadelphia and unpackin This buggy was virtually the Columbus (Ohio) Bugg; for \$60.
- Horse, and delivery,
 Worth \$100. A sorrel ponused by ladies and child phaeton at the sea-shore dur
- Whip, Lap-Robe, Blanket, Ha keep six days, delivering, et J. Lewis,

WHITMAN'S HORSE AND BUGGY. 187

Given to Mr. Whitma						
16, 1885, to feed	the	horse,	etc.,	•	\$ 135	40
Total	ι,		•	•	\$320	00
Bala	nce,				\$ 00	00

The outfit was delivered by a messenger, at his house at Camden, Tuesday, September 15, 1885, at 4 o'clock P. M., together with a list of the donors. Mr. Whitman's pleasure can be imagined.

Camden (in New Jersey) is so rigid a community that the horse-cars are not permitted to run on Sunday (private carriages and buggies are as yet), so that Mr. Whitman has been virtually a prisoner from Saturdays until Mondays. The buggy and horse will permit him to go about and see his friends on Sundays.

If each subscriber feels a tithe of the pleasure in giving that Mr. Whitman showed in receiving and has in using, this to him great comfort, they are each and every one very happy.

Very Respectfully,

An amusing incident occurred in connection with Mr. Whitman's horse and buggy, on Tuesday, September 21, 1885. Some one by mistake carried off the harness. A great deal of fun was poked at

WALT WHITMA

THE HORSE CLOTHING STOLEN FRO

Somebody has stolen that poet Whittier and the country so generou week with the rest of the poet is thinking seriousl beard to track the formuch grieved over the not capturing the thief after Mr. Whitman rode following lines were piporter:

"OUT OF HAR

"I anger, I madden, I he O! the enormity, the enbadness.

My harness, who hath a

My sad, unbridled steed Slow police, slumbering Poor, traceless charger. Uncollared home Poor unbitted equine; much bitted singer. I moan, I sing my own moanness in husky tones. My carriage is bent with grief, I tire with weariness.

Ten times a villain he who crept and creeping stole the straps.

Ye indigo set, ye fallen stars of peace, less hubbub.

Stirrup."

The above was said to have been written by John Paul Bocock or Erastus Brainerd.

A friend of Mr. Whitman's wrote the following poem on the supposed loss of harness. It was published in the Philadelphia *Press* of September 23, 1885.

A CAMDEN LYRIC.

A Poet's Presumed Lament on the Theft of his "Harness," September 21, 1885. Not by Walt Whitman.

No more our steed we'll drive apace, Our harness it has left us, Through Camden town afoot we'll trudge, Because a thief bereft us.

Farewell, oh! contemplated joys!
O'er roads both smooth and stony,
O'er quiet drives down moonlit lanes
Behind the sorrel pony.

When Peter asks th You answer not v Shrieking fiends wi "He stole a poet's

Then back from hea
With mighty force
While hades will gra
The thief who robl

October 9, 1885, h in Philadelphia:

CAI

DEAR T. D.:

afternoon.

Yours received with L. I pass.* Many and best the and see you all soon. I somewhat better, but fear yet. Go out with the l

*The reference to ferry pass from the Pennsylvania F Camden and Philadelphia for

In 1886 he wrote to the same friend:

CAMDEN, N. J., September 15, 1886.

As I sit here by the open window, this cloudy warm forenoon, I feel that I would just like to write a line (quite purposeless, no doubt), sending my love and thanks to you and yours. Do you know this is the anniversary day of my receiving the present, through you, of the horse and wagon? And much good has it done to me. I remain in health much as usual of late. Shall come over and spend a couple of hours with you soon. Shall send you a postal, day before.

WALT WHITMAN.

Shall get the tintype of horse and wagon, etc., for you first opportunity.

day after Mr. Whitman had owned "Frank," the pony, about two months, I was in Camden and the pony and buggy were driven to Mr. Whitman's The pony showed the effects of Mr. Whitman's fast driving and had a shake to his forelegs—or rather a tremble, that gave the impression that he was getting ready to lie down. It was a clear case of vigorous driving. I looked at the pony and then at Mr. Whitman, who was slowly pushing himself along in he approaches the pormiration society, eh?"
Some weeks after thi
Camden, and while on
saw a cloud of dust ri
approaching vehicle.

Camden, and while on saw a cloud of dust ri approaching vehicle. splendid bay horse, atta came in view. He was in three minutes gait; a ment, in the buggy was holding on to the lines w dear life. When he of drew up with difficulty "Hello, Tom; aint he sbreath was about gone. speak, "Mr. Whitman, common sense, what's or saw a cloud of the sam and the sam are saw as a common sense, what's or saw a cloud of the sam are saw as a common sense, what's or saw a cloud of dust ri approach to the sam are saw as a cloud of dust ri approaching vehicle.

Where's Frank?" (the had presented him). "S
He was groggy in the kn
Did you want a pair of

out—Frank and myself? This horse is a goer and delights me with his motion." "Certainly, but he will dump you in a ditch some day, and that will end you." "All right," was his cheery speech, as he drove away. "He won't have to do it but once, and that's an end of things." He had with him Bill Ducket, who at times assisted him on the lines.

The horse and buggy were sold in 1888 by Mr. Whitman after he had become too infirm to move about unaided. They had been a source of infinite joy and comfort to him and aided him to pass three years of an invalid's life in comparative ease. Scores of times he expressed his gratitude for the gift, as it gave him touches of life and air and scenery otherwise impossible.

CHAPTER X.

MR. WHITMAN'S FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS, 1872-92.

Mr. Whitman's Catholicity in Friendship—Names of Some of His Friends—Modest—Jamaica Rum and Milk Punch—As the Stage and Car Drivers' Friend and Nurse—His Experience in New York Hospitals—His Account of Pfaff's Café, or Restaurant 1850 to 1869, "Bohemia"—His Correspondents—Great Men and Authors Who Were Affected Favorably by His Works—Letters from E. C. Stedman and Richard Watson Gilder—Two of His Poems in Provençal Translations by Wm. Charles Bonaparte Wyse—Letters from and to Alfred Tennyson—Letter from a Young Lady, Describing a Visit to Tennyson in 1885—Letters from Frederick Locker [Lampson]—Letters from Mrs. Elisa Seaman Leggett.

M. WHITMAN had personal friends in almost all portions of the United States. His English friends were legion. Friends who held on to him with hooks of steel. The Rossettis and Edwin Dowden—and what friends they were! A partial list of them is given on pages 28 and 29.

Mr. Whitman was catholic in his friendships. If the person suited him, his rank and station were incidents. Stage driver,



PAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER BY TENNYSON TO MR. WHITMAN,

Aug. 24 - 1848

ny dear Well Whomas a like-exiting - when het it indeed - & was to treehudered with consentations that I reglect help of it - never that it has been that I feel that I aprended you hat I feel that it his careies I am very glad to him that you are so improved in health, that you have about the field a sound feely of has enjoyment I you life.



.

To the a fearly of growing, which appeared woung other franks My younger in direct (whom you capains when , we make to the the the capter of should be that he don't about on 365 I teed on account on one of your has-yok propose - trang that work it his histories . The his personing, their that you worked Withwarden. The was e speet whertenes of literate Ve of ell Shun would tend it you. Griddye, good pard. I theme I have you on Hongers, the westing in withouth in one of grant habourd Way of humand all your gentlas

car driver, millionaire, or impecunious scholar, or the reverse, it made no difference to him. It was the man within the case that attracted him.

He lived such a long time that he had an army of friends. When death opened the rank another succeeded and filled the gap. When Mr. Whitman grew old and worn he became an exception to the fact that age, as a rule, unless possessed of wealth and something to give, is seldom attractive. He had no wealth. He had, in a material sense, nothing to give, and so no leeching and expectant relatives or others hung about him, hungry for his death. Even when he became crippled and stricken, many of the stanchest friends he had came to him. He never solicited them: some persons attached themselves to him as a fad; others because he was a noted man; some because he was persecuted; others because they wished to be known as a poet's friend and to know a poet; many because they knew his worth.

Essentially a modest man in respect to making acquaintances, he sought no man.

George W. Childs of Philadelphia he revered, both for his manhood and goodness of heart, and because Mr. Childs sought an old and worn man out. He said of him, in his note on a trip on the steamer Plymouth Rock to Long Branch, July 28, 1881 (Specimen Days and Collect., p. 186):

"In all directions costly villas, palaces, millionaires; but few among them, I opine, like my friend George W. Childs, whose personal integrity, generosity, unaffected simplicity, go beyond all worldly wealth."

Mr. Childs, when Mr. Whitman came to Camden to live, in 1873, a physical wreck, sought him out, and to the day of Mr. Whitman's death was his sincere friend. I know this, for sometimes I was the almoner for Mr. Childs. Mr. Whitman was once or twice so greatly impressed with men's acts that he avoided the man himself, so that his idol might not be found to have any stains upon it. The case of Mr. Lincoln is an apt illustration. Mr. Whitman used to see him at a distance, watch for him, go to his receptions,

and stand off and admire him. When Mr. Lincoln made a public address Mr. Whitman was, when possible, in the audience and close up to the speaker. Yet, when he took Mr. Lincoln by the hand, he gave it a grasp and spoke no words beyond "Howdy?" and he never conversed with Mr. Lincoln. A conversation between the two, authentically reported, would be of value. He considered Mr. Lincoln the greatest civic product of the Anglo-Saxon race in the century.

Of his early friends in Camden, one in particular deserves more than a passing notice. When Mr. Whitman went to Camden to live, in 1873, Colonel James M. Scovel at once proffered him attentions which were gratefully received, and he remained his steadfast friend to the end. Colonel Scovel's purse and house were then at Mr. Whitman's disposal, and when he badly needed friends, I know that Mr. Whitman fully and gratefully accepted Colonel Scovel's friendship and courtesies.

Mr. Whitman had some very disinterested friends in New York City. One of

was always true ;--- Mr. J. H valued one; R. W. Gil Century, a tried and a true Robert G. Ingersoll, a frie of his splendid nature; E. the poet, and Moncure D. author. Mr. Julius Cham New York Herald, was a friend and carried Mr. Whi weekly pay-roll of the Hera time. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, une, befriended him, and Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the old friend and admirer and Whitman considered the hig the American. The Critic, accepted and published much The Church brothers, Colonel and Frank P., editors of t were his constant friends and I only mention a few of tl

whom Mr. Whitman called a

Mr. Whitman appreciated attentions and remembrances.

He often received presents from friends. He was gratified, no matter what the object. The value was the last thing he considered. He reciprocated with books, portraits, autographs, and manuscripts. I recall the pride with which he showed an old-fashioned jug containing Jamaica rum. He kept this in his bedroom and handled it as affectionately as if it were a child. He used to reach for it and say: "Come here, my fellowpoet." "What," I asked one day; "is that your source of inspiration?" "No. no; it's a jug of Jamaica rum Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet, sent me from the West Indies a time ago. it with care and taste it with veneration. You don't know it, perhaps, but I am an expert in milk punches. No? Well, then, the more for Making milk punch is not your uncle. a lost art, but one now seldom correctly practiced. Rum makes the best of all milk punches. I use one sometimes once a week; sometimes once a day."

stant friends.

I do not mention his Camd because pages would not hold I, in common with all of Mr. ' friends residing outside of Can them and their ministerings sacred.

...... MOLO, 110.

I think, as I have stated, Whitman was sometimes disa as a guest. In certain latitude ceased to be a fad. He was to ous, too heavy. He did not quickly enough to certain men of his host or his host's friends. into action too slowly. His gur shoot quick enough. The trigg mind was not set on a hair spr besides, he did not talk oracular limited few. He spoke best witl and after mature thought. As written, he was not a ready societ At a gathering he was mosdignitary, of course, but not as an allaround hand at a talk, song, or recitation. To the few whom he liked and who liked him he always was the best of guests and most charming of friends.

This staid man had lived in "Bohemia." I have frequently in the past twenty years met some of the Bohemians of New York City and Brooklyn who were active in newspaper, legal, dramatic, or literary work in Mr. Whitman's metropolitan days. They all accorded him a distinct personality—one not to be seen again.

I often heard him speak of his early Brooklyn and New York friends. I had him describe to me many times events and incidents of Pfaff's restaurant or café in a cellar on Broadway near Bleecker Street, west side, where the "Bohemians" were wont to resort in the fifties and sixties. Mr. Whitman, in the fifties and up to 1862, was a frequent visitor to Pfaff's, and during the hours when the brightest lights of Bohemia were guests. His Bohemia, with his enjoyment of life and nature, was all the time; and while, from his slow speech and

are are rian's, and was ask remarked upon. His free-a pearance, his open shirt and walk, naturally attracted peop Mr. Whitman, for many year 1862, had been a noticeable fig York or Brooklyn as an outsic omnibus rider, and always, non kind of weather, by the driver's buses did not leave Broadway, until about 1881); so he was a fe ure, and was pointed out as the "Leaves of Grass." Mr. White of nature and out-of-door life, an ing panorama on a crowded thou would naturally suggest to him:

of nature and out-of-door life, an ing panorama on a crowded thorwould naturally suggest to him seat with a stage driver. I chahim about this odd fancy. "I he replied, "my liking for antion with stage drivers, car dri Doyle, my friend, was a car dr boat hands attracted and attration and produces."

ers were, as a rule, strong men mentally as well as physically. Some were educated, some not; but those who were competent to drive a stage for a length of time on such a street as Broadway, New York, for instance, were men of character and individuality. It took much skill to tool a bus or stage on Broadway. Usually they were intelligent and up with current gossip and news, and were rugged types. Persons who sat by them on the box chatted with them, gave them money, cigars, clothes, theater and opera tickets, and favored them in many ways. They became familiar with public men, and were local historians. Many of them had learned to think, and could express themselves with vigor and ability. I liked an open-air life, and while I rode with these men and listened to their talk, I could reflect, observe, and absorb. I rode with them in all weathers, fair or foul, and When they this made them like me. were injured or sick, I used to go to see them at their homes or in the hospitals. I found them generous, frank, and friendly. Some of them used to keep an

in the front of the stage top. would take it and hand back th if any was required; but in late stage company put the change paper envelopes. When the b ring I used to reach around a: the fare. The passengers rang Oh. I was famous for this! was much aided by this collect cially in wet or cold weather. much knowledge from these learned to have a sympathy Sometimes they were injured. as I missed one I inquired for when injured, I went at once to those days there were not ma hospitals in New York City or In New York one of the chief was the New York Hospital. go there frequently to see m stage-driver friends, and was al

received. The house doctors or

were, as a rule, young men, and were kindly and sympathetic. I soon got in We used to chat at odd with them. They used to let me sit beside my injured friends on the beds or cots, and gave me information at all times. would travel about at times with some of these young surgeons, and take them to Pfaff's or some other convenient place for mild refreshment. They were a jolly set, and used to try to pump me as to why I liked stage drivers. I suppose the real reason was that the poor devils had such a hard life of it in all weathers that my heart went out to them, and besides I learned much from them. They were poorly paid and hard workers. I knew about all of their names on the Broadway stages in 1859-62. You will find that I give some of their names on p. 18 of 'Specimen Days and Collect.' Sharp, afterward the famous 'Jake' Sharp of Tammany surface-road fame, was a Broadway stage owner. I suppose that I learned to nurse suffering humanity and not to be afraid of blood, wounds, or manifestations of pain by nursing the

1 am not sure as to this one. the usual name for them. good many different ones in used to go there. They were le trade then. There was also young doctor about there. wheel horse—he was always St. John or St. James Roosa doctors used to say, 'Where's He was an awfully clever as man. I guess that they are a Some of them reached eminen useful to their fellow-men. door life of mine kind of adve at least I became a familiar fi never had any such intention I enjoyed it and never thou thing else in connection with i "Pfaff's I visited for years I took one of the stage drivers me), and after skipping 1862 and then to 1881, I visited it Pfaff's. It was a new one on Twenty-fourth Street—Pfaff, the prince of hosts, was there, however, and opened a bottle of rare wine as a welcome on my incoming.*

* Mr. Whitman thus notes his last visit to Pfaff's:

"August 16, 1881.—'Chalk a big mark for to-day," was one of the sayings of an old sportsman friend of mine, when he had had unusually good luck-come home thoroughly tired, but with satisfactory results of fish or Well, to-day might warrant such a mark for me. Everything propitious from the start. An hour's fresh stimulation, coming down ten miles of Manhattan Island by railroad and eight o'clock stage. Then an excellent breakfast at Pfaff's restaurant, Twenty-fourth Street. Our host himself, an old friend of mine, quickly appear'd on the scene to welcome me and bring up the news, and, first opening a big fat bottle of the best wine in the cellar, talk about ante-bellum times, '59 and '60, and the jovial suppers at his then Broadway place, near Bleecker Street. Ah, the friends and names and frequenters, those times, that place! Most are dead. And there Pfaff and I, sitting opposite each other at the little table, gave a remembrance to them in a style they would have themselves fully confirm'd, namely, big, brimming, filled up champagne-glasses, drain'd in abstracted silence, very leisurely, to the last drop. (Pfaff is a generous German restaurateur; silent, stout, jolly, and I should say the best selector of champagne in America.)"—Specimen Days and Collect., p. 188.

There was no formality-'1 around in groups. It is dir distance to recall all who c hemia' at Pfaff's during knew it. In fact, a portion hemia' did not recognize and of visitors as 'Bohemians.' work and merit to have full 1 The top lights recognized the made a bit of an inside clique can recall John Swinton, Stoc Wilkins, Fitzjames O'Brien, H Oakey Hall, Stanley, Mullin, Brougham, and Arnold among Ada Clare and Daisy Sher among the women of 'Bohen very friendly with Ada Clar brilliant, bright, and handsome on the stage, I think, and then of sight. Pfaff's 'Bohemia' v ported, and more the sorrow.

humor, repartee, word wars

George Jones, the actor—used to come there; and an able man he was, barring the 'Count.' Many actors afterward stars, but then in the great stock companies of the New York theaters, were frequent visitors. I can recall it all now, and, through a vista of cigar and pipe smoke and dim gaslight, see the scores of kindly faces peering at me, some in love, some in question, but all friendly enough; for, while 'Bohemia' might differ as to a man's work or its results, she usually, once he was in, accepted the man, idiosyncrasies and 'Bohemia' comes but once in one's all. Let's treasure even its memory."

Many of the Pfaff Bohemians gave Mr. Whitman hearty friendship in the years that followed sixty.

Wm. Sloane Kennedy of Bocton, John Boyle O'Reilly, John Burroughs, and dear old Dr. Maurice Bucke of Canada, Wm. O'Connor,—but why mention more? Offense may follow (although none is intended) the calling out of a few only of the many friends of Mr. Whitman in America. Henry Irving, now Sir Henry, whose generosity knows no latitude,

snouid still be Abraham, bec hood and breadth of huma mite along with his chief many earnest persons becar aroused to the opinion, and that Walt Whitman was in would call upon Mr. Childs, I or George H. Boker, who w "Go to Mr. Donaldson, he forms us when anything is Mr. Whitman." Thus sever tending good people were d in the ten years prior to Mr. death. And in fact, I stood be: and several well-meaning personal matter. Several times I call George W. Childs, Mr. Hora Furness, Dr. S. Weir Mitcl

George H. Boker, and others.

answers were received. No] one who has approached Mr.

Always prompt

in vain.

Child- 4

the nobleness of his nature and the incomparable manliness of his charity. No other city in the Union contained such a citizen, and his loss has never been made up in Philadelphia.

Mr. Whitman was shrewd and carefully watched and weighed men's motives. He quickly noted the disinterested friend from the notoriety hunter, who made up to him for the purpose of being known as "Whitman's friend." Many times, in chat, he would indicate such to me, and chuckle in his quiet way, "Well, well; they think your uncle is old and feeble and that his wit does not perceive. Maybe not, maybe not; but that fellow's a job-lot." He cordially avoided effeminate men or mannish women.

There was latterly one devoted friend of Mr. Whitman's who would have probably annoyed other men by his excess of friendly care. Still, he was earnest and sincere, and true at every turn of the lane in Mr. Whitman's last ten years of life. He was quick in manner, but it was the man's habit, and the quickness was kindness and always well meant. I do

uav (I had never met this go I went to the box window of Street Opera House, Philad tickets for a performance Mr. John F. Zimmerman, tl happened to be in the offic me in. While inside, a ger rapidly to the window a wanted seats for the peri "Francesca de Rimini," b Barrett, then on. He paid for remarking, "I wanted them as they are for Walt Whi wants to see the "Who?" said Mr. Zimmern Whitman! You take back please. He does not have to

friend of his." I walked of the gentleman, then sixty or m age, a loyal and earnest frien was always assisting Mr. W!

Here is Mr. Do

theater.

gave Mr. Whitman the large brass lamp which stood in the bit of a parlor in Mickle Street, but I never saw it lighted.

One of Mr. Whitman's stanchest friends and admirers was Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose name is the synonym for elegance, purity of mind, and thorough cultivation, and the possession of the grace of harmonious and euphonious poetic diction. Mr. Whitman, the "Poet of Nature," by his work—so strong and emphatic-made this gentle and pure nature a positive admirer. Mr Whitman was out of tune with nature and self-rejected in the lists in poetic tilting, how can such respect and admiration as that of Mr. Stedman be accounted Or is Mr. Stedman gifted with others in seeing the gold through the foil?

Considering the letter that follows, Mr. Whitman would have had fair ground to stand on had he chosen to climb even a little way up the side of Mount Ego:

NEW YORK CITY, June 8, 1875.

MY DEAR WHITMAN:

During my wanderings in the tropics, with my nervous system feeling like a mixed-up mess of

one of your MSS. to place beside ingot one scrap of paper, which you taining a few lines of your own so, won't you give it me? I an American writers who always loo a noble, original, and characteris perhaps, in your retirement, it may gracious or officious for me to tell y I was a boy, I read extracts from yoin a Putnam's Magazine review Captain" and the "Crushed Fire greatly impressed me, and I have have written since.

Swinburne, in his letters to me, carefully and understandingly of that your body will be soon as health position always was and is, and w part of myself were as healthy as eit me,

Truly yours,

EDMUND C

In out-of-the-way and intered of Europe one frequently factor and ardent admirers of Mr. Whitma

abroad, meeting such, would write Mr. Whitman, and thus some interesting acquaintances by correspondence were formed. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, while abroad in 1879, wrote Mr. Whitman as to an ardent admirer of his found in Avignon, France, and inclosed autograph translations of some of Mr. Whitman's verses by this admirer.

SHANKLIN, ISLE OF WIGHT, ENGLAND, October 1, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. WHITMAN:

Last spring I happened upon a nest of poets at Avignon-Provençal poets-successors of the old troubadours-among them Wm. Charles Bonaparte Wyse, a descendant of Lucien Bonaparte and the son of an Irishman. He went to the south of France from Ireland, some twenty-five years ago, and was so charmed with the poets there that he learned the Provençal language and became one of them. He spends a part of every year there. He is a gentleman, a scholar, and a poet; also a good judge of poetry. Well, he is one of your warmest friends and appreciators, and has sent by me all sorts of messages to you. As I am not to return till spring, I send them by mail. Last April we dined with him at the inn of La Chevelure d'Or, at the ancient, ruined, and almost

this dinner Mr. wyse proposed and standing, the health of Walt Whitm

I have just received a letter from which he says:

"I inclose you my promised Prolation of two of the sweetest bits of poet. I have not attempted his which is not to be imitated, but h audacity to compress, Procrustes-wising lines into the stocks of my verse of you, do me the great favor to prehim, in my name, when next you see nificant as is the attention, it is at any which will show which way the wirever I go to America, I assure you th first visits will be to this most sympath for whose large and lofty nature my is merged into love."

No one has written to me about How did it succeed?

Yours very truly,
RICHARD V

MR. WHITMAN'S FRIENDS.

LA RECOUNCILIACIOUN.

(Imitado d'óu pouèto american, Walt Whitman.)

Mot que doumino tout! mot mai bèn que l'azur!
Que coungourto, quent ur
De sabé que la guerro e soun rouge carnage
Vai s'envoula, s'en fan, coume un esclat d'aurage;
Que la nine et la Mort (aquén paren divin!)
Lavon, à belli man, incessamen, sèus fin,
Noste mounde councha per l'aurage?

Car noste enemi's mort, noun mens divin que sien,

E, tèndre e pensatieú,

Garde ount lou paure jais, blanquinèu come un ile,

Ounte jais blanquineu dins soun cereuei tranquile, L'approuche, e me recourbe, e jougne doucamen Mi bouco rouginello au carage serèn

Au carage tant blanc e tranquile!

—Leaves of Grass, p. 295, Washington, 1872.

(Literal Translation.)

Word which dominates all! word more beautiful than the blue!
What pleasure! what luck!
To know that War and his red carnage
Is about to fly off, (as it ought to be,) like a burst of storm.

myself,

And tenderly and pensively,
I look where the poor fellow lies, w
Where he lies white, quiet in his c
I approach him, and I bend dò
gently

My ruddy mouth to the calm face. To the face, so white and serene!

RECONCILIATION.

Word over all, beautiful as the sk;
Beautiful that war and all its de
must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Deat

cessantly softly wash again, a this soil'd world;

For my enemy is dead, a man div dead.

I look where he lies white-faced ε coffin—I draw near,

Bend down, and touch lightly with white face in the coffin.

-Walt Whitman, Leaves of

MR. WHITMAN'S FRIENDS.

LA MUSICO.

(Imitado d'bu pouèto american, Walt Whitman.)

Un matin de Dimenche, en passant doucamen
Lou pourt au de la glèiso, ausère urousamen
Lou bram solemne e suan d'uno ourgueno;
Au calabrun, ausère, en un bos souloumbrous,
D'un tèndre roussignon lou refrin melicous,
E moun amo de pas èro pleno!

. . . Cor de ma ben-amado! Oh, t'ausere pereu
A travès toun pougnet, cantant encantdreu—
Toun pougnet depausa sout ma testo;
Toun dous pouls, dins la niue, quand touto ero
seren,
Coume de campaneto, ausère claramen

Coume de campaneto, ausère claramen Souto moun aurihoun fasènt fèsto! —Leaves of Grass, p. 119, Washington, 1872.

MUSIC.

One Sunday morning, whilst passing quietly
The portal of the church, I heard by lucky chance
The solemn and calm sound of an organ;
In the twilight of evening, I heard in a somber
wood
The honeved refrain of a tender nightingsle

The honeyed refrain of a tender nightingale, And my soul was full of peace.

. . . Heart of my well-beloved! Oh, I heard also thee

Across thy wrist, singing enchantingly-

I HEARD YOU, SOLEMN-SWEET P. ORGAN.

I heard you, solemn-sweet pipes of last Sunday morn I pass'd the c Winds of autumn, as I walk'd the

I heard your long-stretch'd sig mournful.

I heard the perfect Italian tenor: opera, I heard the soprano in th quartet singing.

Heart of my love! you too I heard n through one of the wrists arour Heard the pulse of you when all w

little bells last night under my -Walt Whitman, Leaves of

WILLIAM C. BONAF MANOR OF ST. JOHN'S, WATERFORD, August

While there was always, much discussion as to Mr. work and its aims, one of features about it all is the c kind of men his work has: favorably. Ralph Waldo E

reau, Alfred Tennyson, Frederick Locker, John Addington Symonds, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Wm. Michael Rossetti, Dowden, Edmund Edward Clarence Stedman, Robert Louis Stevenson, alone are friends enough for one author to How many other authors would have. the men named above agree upon? Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" well before the public in 1862 and 1863, when Mr. Emerson showed his special friendship for him, and this was seven eight years after Mr. Emerson's letter of congratulations to Mr. Whitman on his first edition of "Leaves of Grass." Mr. Whitman visited Mr. Emerson shortly before his death and considered him, and with reasons, a friend.

Considering the character of his friends, male and female, at home and abroad, Mr. Whitman would have been pardoned had he shown vanity, as to his work and himself. As I have more than once written I never observed any vanity in him; not even a shadow of it, unless it was during the last three or four years of his life, when he became somewhat oracu-

or so called. My intercourse so-called "important" pers it has been considerable, I know that they are largely all essentials. "Ah, he is a man!" Perhaps! Inspect h

will ninety times out of a him almost all label.

Mr. Whitman never claims portant—not at all. He was useful, and he was. He did unusual, some things great, mediocre. Mediocrity mananing gear of the world. The are always great, and do not hings, or let down, are few a a long and active life I have such. Colonel Robert G. In, who never lets down and alw on his one distinct and consaddle. In whatever he does

above the average.

Mr. Whitman could have been excused for a show of vanity when one considers the following correspondence with Alfred Tennyson and Frederick Locker [Lampson].

Mr. Whitman wrote Alfred Tennyson a letter before 1871. No copy is at hand.

Mr. Tennyson seems not to have answered this.

Mr. Tennyson wrote to Mr. Whitman in 1871. This letter is addressed to Mr. Walt Whitman, Washington, U. S. A., and is indorsed in Mr. Whitman's handwriting, "1st letter, Tennyson, July 12, 1871."

ALDWORTH, BLACKDOWN, HASLEMERE, SURREY, ENGLAND, July 12, 1871.

My Dear Sir, Mr. Cyril Flower wrote to me some time ago to inform me that he had brought your books with him from America, a gift from you, and that they were lying in my London chambers; Whereupon I wrote back to him, begging him to bring them himself to me at my country house, and I have been accordingly, always expecting to see him, but he never came, being detained by law business in town. I have now just called at my London lodgings, and found them on the table. I had previously met with several of your

with all thanks for your kind gift v have acknowledged earlier, had sooner I remain

Ever yours, very trul

I trust that if you visit Engligrant me the pleasure of receiving ing you under my own roof.

Mr. Whitman, from Washin Mr. Tennyson a second letter it is indorsed by Mr. Whitm letter to Tennyson, April Sent Tennyson, with copy of Grass,' and 'Democratic Visi

Aρ

MY DEAR MR. TENNYSON:

This morning's paper has a valitem about your coming to Amerito come, to view the working of o etc. Is there anything in it? I want more and more to meet yo you. Then I should like to give m and comments of America and her

persons, doings, off-hand, as you witness them, and became puzzled, perhaps, dismayed by them. America is at present a vast seething mass of varied material human and other, of the richest, best, worst, and plentiest kind. Wealthy inventive, no limit to food, land, money, work, opportunity, smart and industrious citizens, but (though real and permanently politically organized by birth and acceptance) without fusion or definite heroic identity in form and purpose or organization, which can only come by native schools of great ideas,—religion; poets, literature,—and will surely come, even through the measureless crudity of the States in those fields so far, and to-day.

The lesson of Buckle's books on civilization always seemed to me to be that the preceding main basis and continual sine qua non of civilization is the eligibility to, and certainty of boundless products for feeding, clothing, and sheltering everybody, infinite comfort, personal and intercommunication and plenty, with mental and ecclesiastical freedom, and that then all the rest, moral and esthetic, will take care of itself. Well, the United States have secured the requisite bases, and must now proceed to build upon them.

I send you by same mail with this, a more neatly printed copy of my "Leaves"; also "Dem. Vistas."

Your letter of last fall reached me at the time. [Not found.] Have you forgotten that you put a promise in it, to send me your picture when "you

two letters from you, July 12 ar of last year [1872]. This is the have written to you. My addroffice, Treasury, Washington, States. Write soon, my friend. picture.

Mr. Tennyson sent Mr. photograph, with autogral 1872.

Mr. Whitman wrote Mr. I Camden, N. J., May 24, 187

DEAR MR. TENNYSON:

It is long time since my last t however, mailed you once or mine in print which I suppose January, 1873, I was taken dow some three months afterward ws Washington, when called here t my mother, and from that time b I have given up work, and remain

I had paralysis from cerebral not fail in flesh, color, spirits, app pretty good; am up and dressed every day, and go out a little, but very lame yet.

I received your last letter (of June, 1872) and the good photograph, which I have looked at many times, and sometimes almost fancied you in person silently sitting nigh.

To-day, a cloudy and drizzly Sunday, I have taken it in my head, sitting here alone, to follow the inner mood and write (a tinge of Quaker blood and breed in me) though really without anything to say, only just to write to you.

It is pleasant here, right on the banks of the noble Delaware opposite Philadelphia. The doctors say I shall yet come round, and I think so, too.

Truly your friend,

w.w.

In answer to the above, Mr. Tennyson wrote Mr. Whitman from Aldworth, Blackdown, Haslemere, England, of no date. The envelope bears the post-mark: "Haslemere, July 8, 1874."

DEAR MR. WALT WHITMAN:

I am grieved to hear that you have been so unwell and can only trust that your physician is a true prophet, and that you will recover and be as well as ever. I have myself known a case of cerebral anæmia in a young lady living near me She lost her mind and no one who saw her believed she could live; but under the superintend-

nand and arm have been c tism (I hope it is not gou perfectly recovered.

I was beholden to you f Vistas, and if I did not answ them I regret to have done s how great the mass of my con

how much I dislike letter-wi you would forgive me easily. When I next hear of or f news be that you are fully reold vigor and body: Meanwhi

You

Mr. Whitman next wro nyson from Camden, July

My Dear Mr. Tennyson:

Since I last wrote you, (your k duly received) I have been laid ι the time, and still continue so,-

but, somehow with good spirits; ne go out in the world and go to wo enough to give up either, or lose affairs, life, literature, etc. I bear

I have been reading your "Queen Mary," and think you have excelled yourself in it. I did not know until I read it, how much eligibility to passion, character, and art arousings was still left to me in my sickness and old age. Though I am democrat enough to realize the deep criticism of Jefferson (?) on Walter Scott's writings (and many of the finest plays, poems, and romances) that they fail to give at all the life of the great mass of the people then and there.

I shall print a new volume before long and will send you a copy. I send you a paper about same mail as this. Soon as convenient write me a few lines. (Put in letter your exact P. O. address.) If you have leisure, tell me about yourself. I shall never see you and talk to you, so I hope you will write, to make it up.

Your friend

WALT WHITMAN.

Mr. Tennyson answered this from Haslemere, August 16, 1875:

MY DEAR WALT WHITMAN:

(Somehow the Mr. does not come well before Walt Whitman.) I am glad to hear from you again, and to learn that at any rate you are no worse than when you last wrote, and that though your health be shattered, your good spirits flourish up like a plant from broken ground; glad also that you find something to approve of in work so wholly unlike your own as my Queen Mary.

of fuller sunshine in hope that
I am in an extreme hurry, ps
these few words must bid you
out expressing my hope howe
ultimately recover all your pri
I shall be charmed to receive
Ever yours

Mr. Whitman answered tember 14, 1876. (Copy On August 9, 1878, Mr. \ wrote Mr. Tennyson:

MY DEAR TENNYSON:

The last letter I sent you v 1876, (nearly two years ago), received no response. I also volumes; new edition, having r scription of five pounds (with a Robert Buchanan that no books return, but I preferred to send t

I am still in the land of the li and robuster the last two yea the last six months, (though a partial paralytic yet). I find the experiences of invalidism and the losing of corporeal ties not without their advantages, at least, if one reserve enough physique to, as it were, confront the invalidism. But all this summer I have been, and am well enough to be out on the water or down in the fields or woods of the country more than half the time and am quite "hefty" (as we say here) and sunburnt.

Best regards and love to you, dear friend. Write me first leisure and opportunity. Haven't you a son—lately married—I have heard about? Pray, tell me something about him and the respected lady, your wife, whom you mentioned in your last as prostrated with illness, and yourself, most of all.

WALT WHITMAN.

Mr. Tennyson answered the above on August 29, 1878, but strange to say it did not reach Mr. Whitman until October 17, 1878. Mr. Tennyson, in directing the envelope, omitted "Camden," and merely sent it to "Mr. Walt Whitman, 431 Stevens Street, New Jersey, U. S. America." The letter was returned to Haslemere, England, for better direction and remailed by Mr. Tennyson. On October 4, 1878, Mr. Tennyson wrote on the flap of the original envelope:

ALDWORTH, HASLE

MY DEAR WALT WHITMAN:

I am not over-fond of lett hate it indeed, and am so correspondence that I neglect theless let me hope that I ams September 14, '76, and that it very glad to hear that you a health, that you move about th freely and have enjoyment of y

As to myself, I am pretty we life, sixty-nine on the sixth o somewhat troubled about my e only the shortest-sighted man have a great black island floatin these blacknesses increase with However, my oculist informs n go blind, and bids me as much my eyes, neither reading nor wi

My wife is still an invalid anthe sofa all day but still I stronger than when I last wrote

My younger son Lionel (wabout), was married to the daug

(the author of London Lyrics) in February. The wedding was celebrated in our grand old historical abbey of Westminster. There was a great attendance of literati, etc of all which I read an account in one of your New York papers. Every third word a lie.

Treubner writes to me this morning, stating that you wished to see a parody of yourself, which appeared among other parodies of modern authors in a paper called *The London*. I have it not or I would send it to you. Good-by good friend, I think I have answered all your questions.

Yours ever

A TENNYSON

This may have been the last letter received by Mr. Whitman from Tennyson. However, the Camden (N. J.) Post, February 1, 1887, notes that Mr. Whitman was out riding the day before, and that he received a warm letter from Alfred Tennyson, commencing "Dear old man." Mr. Whitman said that the letters herein were not all. That there were one or two others which he would find in time.

In 1885 Mr. Whitman gave a note of introduction to a young American lady of Philadelphia to Mr. Tennyson (Miss Mary Whitall Smith).

DEAR MR. WHITMAN:

Before any more days pass tell thee of our visit to Ten place day before yesterday.

We sent him thy letter from

ple's, where we were staying wrote to us from the Isle of to come Wednesday morning about half past eleven, papa alighted at his front door, w dog overwhelmed us with ca was not in, but Lady Tennys talked with us until he came. in the old-fashioned flower ga him, and almost the first th "deep remark." He said th out one evening looking at th that he fell into a puddle; bu ward that the star was in the p upon we all tried to think of reply. Something about poet's stars would have been appropr us thought of that reply till at let the opportunity slip. We

and with his son all about the

an hour. He showed us a tree planted by Gambetta, and talked to me about Turgeineff, and asked all about thee.

As we were going away, he told me to give thee his love. His home is a large, rambling, old-fashioned house full of interesting pictures and engravings. It has a look of being lived in, and all the arrangements were "casual," as English people say. Hats and walking-sticks were lying about in chairs and dogs raced in and out at their pleasure.

Tennyson's "den" is up at the top of a narrow, winding stair—a large, sunny room, lined with books and having a lovely view of Freshwater Bay, framed in the dark green branches of the cedars of Lebanon. They insisted upon our staying to lunch, but made us promise not to put anything in any newspaper about it.

Tennyson seems to have a horror of notoriety, and he told us a great many stories of the annoyances to which he had been subjected from curious, inquisitive, and gossiping visitors.

The chief impression that his conversation made upon me was of a keen and eager mind (he has a wonderful memory for facts) and a keen sense of humor. He tells a funny story as well as anyone I ever heard. We came away soon after lunch, having had a most interesting visit, for which we all felt very grateful to thee. . . , Alys looks forward to going to see thee when she comes home in September, and to showing thee

with Frederick Locker [La don, the poet. Mr. Loc married Tennyson's seco Locker wrote Mr. Whitma

25 CHESHAM STREET, S BELGRAVE S LONDO

DEAR MR. WHITMAN:

Thank you very much for the which came sparkling, and dang into my house this morning. acquainted with your writings, great interest in them. I wish a line to say what you were doi were. I trust the world uses yo I do not think it is a world the about. Mr. Tennyson has been last six weeks, and now he has in the Isle of Wight. I have speak of you, and about you, in be gratifying to you, as "Wa Poet," and "Walt Whitman,

like your portrait. It reminds me a little of that of Isaac Walton.

I am, very sincerely yours,
FREDERICK LOCKER.

Mr. Locker addressed Mr. Whitman a postal card, October 13, 1880, from London:

I have just received your card, dated 28th September, and I am very glad to hear that you have had so pleasant a summer, and that you are in better health. Long may you remain so, say I. Did you receive a letter I sent you some weeks ago, asking you to write four or six lines in an MS. poem by Walter Scott? Not hearing from you, I fear you have not received it. If you have not received it, may I send it to you again, when I will explain my wishes? It will only occupy you for five minutes. I spent a very pleasant hour yesterday with Lowell [J. R.]. We smoked the pipe of good-fellowship. Tennyson is in Sussex, quite well. I shall send him your card.

Yours,

F. LOCKER.

Mr. Locker again wrote Mr. Whitman from 25 Chesham Street, London, 31st January, 1881:

will be in London before East about when that will be, thou great keep of the ancient fes nyson] will be much pleased about him in your article, yet, be quite pleased. It is very d on a poet, and to entirely plea he will be interested, as I am

Poets of eminence, and write tell me that the real represents ica came into view when yo paper.

Certainly, nearly all your p they are, are founded on Europe ject and form, but I presume strikes deeper than that. I wil with more of my views of this s I hope you are as well and l

hope to be on this best of all pos We are losing Carlyle. As I moribund or dead. Farewell.

The character of the lett Mr. Whitman from corres pression of the concession of a superior mind in the person to whom addressed. The three letters following from a lady correspondent at Detroit, Mich., Mrs. Elisa Seaman Leggett, are instructive and graphic.

> 169 East Elizabeth Street, Detroit, October 9, 1880.

MR. W. WHITMAN.

Dear Friend: Do you know it seems very much out of tune to say Mr. to Walt Whitman? and the good old Quaker dignity of addressing one by name alone, I like. I hope you are in good health this lovely day of October. I feel lonely in October since William Cullen Bryant died. Always in this month I used to write to him, just that I might be ahead in my congratulations upon his birthday. I remember the sweet October days in Roslyn, when he and his wife would come over to Hillside, on some soft, dreamy afternoon in the Indian summer; perhaps with a small basket with nice lunch in it and a book, "The Berkshire Jubilee," and he would climb up the hill and get into the woods, always stopping upon the brow of the hill back of the barn, just under a famous great butternut tree, and, turning, take a look upon the harbor and far away Long Island Sound, the Red Mill hid among the willows, the lake under the close Harbor hill, and the busy village. Bryant always loved just this view of the

..... you how to not to have you come to us. chair stood for you on our pie yet, with its broad arms wa summer the old willows sway spoke the "various langua thousands of sparrows came he and talked ever so much, and nestled in the great ivy on tl home, and Walt Whitman can us. Well, we all felt sorry. mean three generations, a good and young, down to the babe of may be the baby felt sorry. it will when it learns of our d its mother did. My son sent me week from New York, the one si by Sarony. I don't know when it looks younger than the one years ago-the one with the la you get the story I wrote you ab of Grass"? When the book car picture had been taken out. asked you, while talking of Reever there? Oh! it is so char My husband has just bought m

Columbus " he T

it before. Why he thought I would be especially interested was this: I believe it would be good to have a universal holyday, and I like to talk about Columbus to my children, and like to stimulate them to feel that the advent of Columbus to the New World would be a grand day to select—not his birthday, but the day on which he fell on his knees and thanked God for the longed-for reality—the truth his soul had believed in. One child says: "Mother, don't you think that the landing of 'The Pilgrim Fathers' was more noble, more than the birth of America as a Nation ?" I answer: "The thought of Columbus was for the world; the thought of the others, freedom for a theory. Columbus opened the flood-gates and behold! now the growing Brotherhood of Man." On the 14th day of this month I shall pass the day with my family and a few friends, to read and talk about Columbus and about the far away holyday. I have four children in Heidelberg grandson (Germany). The eldest "Grandma, in 1892, it will be the 400th anniversary of Columbus and of America. Shall we start then?" I say: "No, dear. I'm going to have a little tea party here this year, on the 14th day of October, just to celebrate in advance, for when one gets to be sixty-five, we don't count twelve years -to wait. One wants to go to work and start a point." I always remember just a small event that has occurred in my life. When we came into Detroit, fifteen years ago, there was no place in

And it's no wonder that the ifor not even a little boy or posset a cup of cold water." I and out to everybody, thinkin hem of some garment, and from it. So, after a year or there came a nice editorial, ad such as they had in Philadel Fathers were moved, and no want. So now I am going to about Columbus day, and will some day the world will classongs of jubilee in concert, and recognition of the event.

I am yours trul ELISA SE

DETROI:

DEAR FRIEND: Let me than sent, which gave me great pleas I wonder if you know anythin Truth, an old col'd woman, kno of age. She remembers the solutionary War, going to see wounded legs; tells incidents, "pretty bio girl" of A.

Her father's mother was a squaw. Sojourner was a slave in New York State, on the Hudson, until she was forty years. After her freedom she became a seeker for the truth; hence she gave up her slave name of Isabella and took the one she has, saying "she would be a sojourner on the earth, seeking for truth." She is a majestic, tall, thin person, with an eye fevery at times, at others, tender and pitiful. She can neither read or write, but she has a powerful voice and, like her eye, at times, sweet, and filled with human love. Soon after her emancipation, she heard of Matthias. you remember him, in New York? You were a little boy then, but he represented himself as Christ, and a follower of his called himself John the Baptist. There was a "Kingdom of Heaven" established up the North River, with many disciples. Sojourner's imagination was fired by this, and she thought she had found the truth, lived among them and discovered great sins and corruption. A sudden death came in the "Kingdom" and Matthias was arrested. Sojourner knew him to be innocent, took care of him in prison, testified as to his innocence, -a long story, -but she got him clear. Then she got on Long Island, and after a while joined the Adventists at Northampton, Mass., saw their mistakes, and threw herself into a servant of truth, meant to help the Lord. She worked in the anti-slavery cause; was intimate with Garrison, Phillips, Gerritt Smith, and Lucretia Mott; was well known and honored in the meaning of liberty."
working. Then she went t
the laws of health. She he
Northern States and many
every good cause, and on te
litical campaigns she has
she spent one winter with
knew the Beechers well, old
Mrs. Stowe as well; she has
form with our best men an

Mrs. Stowe as well; she has form with our best men an them intimately, Theodore worked in reform causes; s. Bible read to her except by "If it was the Word of God to her." She talks with Go beside her, and asks him ma times advises a little. She useful in the new translation ment; says that the history b We have outgrown the history

Christ gave can't die. Think Scriptures written of what since the times of the early c Scriptures telling of railroads the Atlantic cable. She sees

gine and electricit-

this, just to tell you of an anecdote connected with yourself. In 1864 she visited me in Detroit. I used to read your "Leaves of Grass" to my children. It has formed a large part of their education. Once with my back to the door entering the parlor, in a large chair, my children before me on the sofa, I noticed while I read they looked up. I said: "Pay attention, or I can't read to you." So they were quiet, and I continued. Presently I was surprised to hear Sojourner, in a loud voice, exclaim, "Who wrote that?" I turned, and there in the doorway she stood, her tall figure, with a white turban on her head, her figure and every feature full of expression. Immediately, she added: "Never mind the man's name. It was God who wrote it. He chose the man to give his message." After that I often read it to her. Her great brain accepts the highest truths. She is here now. I took her last week to hear a lecture upon Raphael's School of Athens. The teacher talked of the old philosophers, Plato, Socrates, and others. Sojourner gave great attention, occasionally uttering, when something was explained: "Eh, who said it?" Tis God, 'tis God! How good, how simple!" I wonder if you care for all this. She is still marvelous. Mr. Iver and his son, Percy, the little fellow that loves you so well, are both painting her portrait. If I can get a photo, I will send you one.

Last year Sojourner went to Kansas and

heathen, but to take care cown country. Her voice is:

I am, with sincere good w

m, with sincere good w. Elis.

DETROIT,

MY DEAR FRIEND: I feel s a Christmas greeting. I he you are in better health than summer. I hope you may I read a medical article once, person has had poor health and has struggled on so as to ond year, the probability is through the next twenty year ble condition." I trust this m your life. I don't know if I tl to hope for length of days fo not, but somehow it seems a days of an earnest soul are the the seasons—well-conditioned the life of a person in healt time we call middle age to the more, as the most helpful to h est the most serene and riches

self. So let me wish you a good long life, full of comfort, full of gifts to the world. Did you receive an invitation to the wedding of my daughter, Blanche, on the 14th of June last? I said to her: "Choose who you like to come;" and she said: "Oh, I would be so glad to have Walt Whitman! He seems so much like one of our family." I send you her picture, that you may think of the child who feels like a sister to you. This was our baby, and she has left her home for one in Chicago. We were never before separated. It is a trial. So often I think of the days of my youth, amid the calm content of Quaker society, so beautiful. The home where often four generations in one family lived, a bit of the farm given to a child at his coming of age, and the marriage of youths scarcely separating families. came to Michigan, thirty years ago, all my surroundings were among Friends, twelve years at Roslyn and Friends meeting at Wesbury. Did you ever attend a silent meeting? If not, do go some day to Philadelphia and feel its solemnity. The last I was at was at Race Street. The early hour was silent; then George Truman said a few words that seemed to fall like seed in the prepared soil. A cat came into the meeting and took its place beside the speaker. It all seemed right, Everything seemed so harmonious, that the quiet movements of any domestic animal would have created no surprise. Tears came into my children's eyes. After meeting I asked them why !

HID HOUMI JOH MOZOGA GA had often wondered if a chi of death, of being alone w Minnie came home, I said: look at the pretty baby ?" and face and kissed the face it in her arms. I laid it in "Be careful." There was at her to hold it up, and she diup. I said: "Would you li a while?" "Yes." Then stood outside, thinking she few minutes she called, and it." I asked, "Why?" "(made her feel so strange! be alone, if mamma would st dered if it was the silence, so messages. So I feel the siler of Friends. I can't tell why, that finds its way through th I am my friend with kindes Yours trul

Ľ,





SOME PERSONAL AND OLD-AGE J

Mr. Whitman in a letter in 1891, in h scribes his great arm rocking chair:
"Toward the windows (of his bedroom) i Christmas present from Thomas Donalds (Mary E.) and son (Blaine), Philadelphia, stout ship's spars, yellow polished, ample seat and back, and over the latter a gree hairy black and silver, spread to guard agai A time-worn look and scent of Oak attach the person occupying it"

CHAPTER XI.

MR. WHITMAN'S LAST ILLNESS, DEATH, AND BURIAL, 1891-92.

His Housekeeping in Camden—Mrs. Davis and Her Friendship for Mr. Whitman—The Tablet and Pencil Friend—Mr. Whitman's Physicians—Minute of My Visit, December 20, 1891—His Death —The Funeral and Assemblage—Concluding Remarks.

WHEN it was apparent that his brother, George Whitman, with whom he resided from 1873, was to remove from Camden, Mr. Whitman had to look about him for a home. He was afraid of becoming a burden on people, and as he had now a bit of money in sight he resolved to get a house of his own. He consulted a few friends, and among them George W. Childs. Mr. Childs furnished him funds with which to make a first payment on the house, 328 Mickle Street, Camden, to which he moved in 1884, and where he died March 26, 1892. It was most fortunate for him

rne people who occ him, although his fr to manage it. solved, after much resulted to Mr. W. Mrs. Mary O. Davis housekeeper and ren his death. She m living person was deserved to be so. Mickle Street to live she found, as I can supreme. Mr. Whit bite over a small co risk of his life. Hi dry goods box, and ti devoid of furniture. joint house occupant

niture when they le bedroom was the or nished room in the when Mrs. Davis ente loyal friend and nurse. She stood by him in life, and closed his eyes in death. She had an affection for Mr. Whitman which made care of him a pleasure. The night Mr. Whitman died I called at the Mickle Street house, Camden, and found her exhausted and in bed, crying like a child. Her positive friendship for Mr. Whitman incurred the displeasure of some of the later friends of Mr. Whitman. Why this was so, I cannot write. Mr. Whitman, in his bad physical condition, for five years previous to his death, was compelled to receive close attentions from persons some of whom he did not otherwise particularly This he confided to one or two of his friends and to Mrs. Davis; still necessity forced him to submit. Davis, perhaps, in, or by some acts, indicated her knowledge of this fact. of these new friends, in their earnest zeal to do Mr. Whitman service, did annoy him, but it was honestly meant. knowledge of Mr. Whitman's views as to them she may have angered some of the later friends of Mr. Whitman. times women are not as tactful in such

shadow of death cross ful Mary Davis was by Great men, or those have legions of attract ers, or followers. many such. He had friends. These he hel of iron. Perhaps it w the above a little plain During the last thre Mr. Whitman's life he ent, physically, and so There were two or t Camden, and a couple attentive to him, ar dependent on one of

would seem that Mr. V quite able to make this meaning and sincere that he desired to be al three hours out of the he did not understand due to his own neglect to observe. During the last three months of his life he wanted to be let alone, and left alone. After January 1 and to March 26, 1892, when he died, he sent almost constant messages of love and cheer to his friends.

Mr. Whitman, the last month or two of his life, asked Mrs. Davis and Mr. Fritzinger, his nurse, to see that no one entered his room but persons whom he This, when conveyed in the third person, angered one or more gentlemen who had been presumably close to Mr. They had been very useful Whitman. to him I personally know, and some feeling against Mrs. Davis and Mr. Fritzinger was the result. Mr. Whitman did not want to be constantly asked questions, and for the month before he died he answered, as a rule, only his nurse, Mrs. Davis, and his physicians. gentleman was frequently kept in the small room in the rear of Mr. Whitman's bedroom. It was seldom he ever got a look at or talk with Mr. Whitman while he was conscious during the last

self. He was grate dential. He leaned Davis, and a half do whom he had only to While I sat in M with her son, she, we the bed, the night after the March 27, 1892.

with her son, she, we the bed, the night after death, March 27, 1892. doctors below talking they were making a 1 Whitman's body. To man present with the every movement. He this about the house for the usually carried about a partial and down.

and pencil, and down occurred which he con important to note. earnest man, who, by i inexperience, did not by speech and acts,

Mhia anhiast

hahaat

in many instances undeserved. One day. toward the end of Mr. Whitman's life, the tablet and pencil became fearfully apparent to him. Mr. Whitman intimated to his nurse that the gentleman should find other employment, while about his house, than standing on the edge of doorways looking and listening for last words and last breaths. Orders given to "Warry" and Mrs. Davis to curtail, for periods, at least, the times of bedroom visits, were considered as their interference. The order was Mr. Whitman's. He wanted rest. his sleepless nights he had apparitions of seeing a last-word and last-breath chronicler in the edge of the doorway, under the bed, or behind the stove. Those who have had experience with very sick persons, indisposed to sleep, or have been that way themselves, can easily imagine how a diseased or worn mind would easily pick out some object, or event, which would become a nightmare. This "tablet" in Mr. Whitman's mind became por-It threatened to fall upon and smother him. He was always, in the

that's Mr. — talk arrival of some flowe "Oh!" said Mr. W he be ____!" Whitman house tho man imagined that 1 pad was falling on h and to avert it he tr above his head to rin

Mrs. Davis was m

post-mortem on Mr. W course, she had no le Mrs. George Whitma

this and, it was und Mrs. Davis had the post-mortem was chie for a news item for book. She thought tl after years of suffering so well known, he ou to be buried in peace. mortem below (it was:

I detected the odor of a fearful pipe. might have been from the street, and it might not have been. Mr. Whitman was not smoking, I was sure. Still, everyone to his trade. Doctors in the interest of humanity carve and cut human bodies as butchers do meat, and it becomes a matterof-fact, indifferent matter. Of the physicians who attended Mr. Whitman for years, not one ever presented a bill. Among them was Dr. Wm. Osler, Dr. Daniel Longaker of Philadelphia, and Dr. Alexander McAlister of Camden. The two last named attended him during his fatal sickness. He was grateful to them and they were kind to him.

Mr. Whitman was a philosopher if contemplation of death was a cheerful duty, and preparation for it as well. He always had it in mind, and chatted about it at times to me as freely as about other matters

One winter night, late in 1889, I called upon him with a friend. He was sitting by the stove with his hat on in his bedroom upstairs; over his legs was thrown a blanket. The light on the table, near

"Let her alone, To She's been that war Old things and old f am not sure but wh night, 1889. He wa that he was cold and been out riding during spot and picked out h replied, "cheerful occ" yes; still we must ge not going to die yet a the case ready for th offered any location I out a bit of a hill, wi sure, among the trees the trees. The name

Harleigh—not a prett name, I believe, and once owned the land have selected a comfor was all said with a twi in a cheerful manner

He seemed intent, as given in one conversation, upon building a tomb in which should be placed his entire family; positively, his father and mother. I suggested that, if so, then their bodies had best be moved during his lifetime. "But the vault will not be ready." Mr. Whitman had a friend get up the plan of the vault and then let the contract for its erection. After his death, one of his executors, Mr. Thomas B. Harned, forced the contractor to reduce the bill, which was said to be very exorbitant. This also proved Mr. Whitman's oft-repeated remark as to the growing shrewdness of American tradesmen, verging on "rampant dishonesty, and that they would soon consider even robbing the dead to be a virtue; that haste to get rich was with some of them warrant for all acts, dishonest or otherwise."

Mr. Whitman's last illness was terrible in the misery it entailed on him. How hard the Anglo-Saxon dies! I received word December 19, 1891, that Mr. Whitman wanted to see me—others of his friends were desirous of seeing

PHILADELPHIA, 1

Went over to Camden Walt Whitman's house before seven o'clock. Twalked into the hallway not ring the bell, for fea Mrs. Davis came out of the my footsteps and said, this minute thinking of inquiry she said that Mr. V

this minute thinking of inquiry she said that Mr. V sinking fast and the two about half-past five, that but it hardly seemed proba about solid and the left on his whole system was goi she said, had not seen any sicians and Warren, her self for three days. He had no one else to see him: "h

no one else to see him; "b she added, "and left word admit you at once. So, c led the way, and she followas we went up the stairwa in the second story throug back bedroom. Mrs. Davi

walking to the foot of his bed, the head of which was against the west wall of the room, said, "Mr. Whitman, Mr. Donaldson is here." He spoke up quickly and said, "Who?" and she replied, "Mr. Donaldson." Mr. Whitman reached out his right hand, said, "Oh, it's Tom! How are you, anyway?" "Pretty well," I answered, "but what a strong voice you have. I supposed from what I heard that you were very ill." "I am," he replied. "Turn up the light at the left of the bed and sit down in that rocking chair." I did as he directed and under the strong flame of the drop light obtained a good look at him. He was lying upon his back, and breathing with great difficulty. His throat was choked with phlegm and his efforts to raise it were painful. He lay with his eyes open, and looked so small that one could not imagine that he was the Walt Whitman of old. He had fallen away from two hundred pounds in weight to about one hundred and forty. His voice was strong and clear: after speaking a few words he would rest, and then begin the conversation again. When I would speak to him he would rouse himself up as if from a sleep and answer, and then speak out with vigor. His mind was clear, and never a thought muddled. His sense of hearing seemed to have increased, for he heard everything that went on in or about the house. The high color on his cheeks was as pronounced as usual, and his long white hair and beard, streaming over his face, shoulders, and breast, made him more pic-

books. The small stove room was kept well fired oak wood, and just in fro fuls of bright fresh pine cane-bottomed rocking head of the bed, with a rc me and the window. (with an argand burner. hat, a broad-rimmed felt front of me, together with right of the bed against th on the top of this sat a b of cologne (often referre him), an old-fashioned : spoon, a brass candlestic matches. Near the head with which he used to p attract attention when he This man is the most knew. While he delighte of men and children, and seemed to have two selves, apparently in hours of ent he seemed in thought to t

all its surroundings and w

J

1

his thoughts were while in this condition, if any, no one could fathom. As I sat watching him, breathing heavily, and holding on to and parting with life at the same time, his whole life work, history, and results passed in review. This man would have made a great business man; cunning, shrewd, and upright, he would have been a masterful man in commerce. One thing which he possessed might have militated against this, however: he was strictly honest. As the moments lengthened and his slight hold on life became more apparent to me, the thought arose, will this man have a place in history, literature, or in the affairs of men? and the answer came involuntarily, Yes, a decided and a positive one, from any and every point of view. His simplicity of life, his strength of character, his positive opinion, and the continuity of his work, will make him an integer, not a cipher, in the future literature of the Republic. After a time he turned his head around and, continuing my greeting of five minutes before: "Well, two doctors have just been here, and examined me, and say this is the end, and I think so. My system is about gone, and my lungs, as you see, are involved;" and after a pause he said, "How are your wife and children, the boy and the girls?" After telling him that they sent him their love and that they were pretty well, "Give them my love; I always recall them with affection." After a talk which concerned ourselves he continued, "And now tell me, what when after a long pause he quickly, "Indians! I supported of that word. I suppose the language that it never It's all wrong; they deserve got the name Indians from t and Americus Vespucius an tors supposed they were saili the Indies and so called the a

is as much a misnomer as 1 These people deserved a his and a more meaning name, aboriginal or pre-Columbia would be significant that the and owners of the continen of the Europeans." Then a pause. He looked around at the fact that a few days befo office of Colonel Robert G York, and that the colonel h new edition of "Leaves of poem which he admired ver man quickly asked, "Which one to your mother." He d said, "Ah!" "Colonel I think that these on for-

the philosophy of your work." Here he relapsed into the quiet state again. I sat still and watched him closely. He placed his left arm above his head as if to keep the reflection of the light out, and breathed slowly and heavily. After a time he spoke up as one would who had returned from a long journey, and as if the subject was just new, said: "After all I suspect every fellow knows all about my work; he does if he only would think he did." This gave me an opportunity. know I intend to write about you and your poetry, and I suppose I know as much about you as anybody else." "Yes," he answered promptly, "surely you do, and I guess you understand my work as well as anybody else. I have just done my work because I believed in it. My method has been to let it come, and not curb it or draw the rein too tight. There is no secret in it or about it. So I guess you understand it as well as anyone, or as I do. When I was a boy I frequented the theaters, and once I saw a long five-act drama, quite bloody and fierce and with much expectation. The leading character was a prodigiously quaint old fellow who lugged a secret around with him. It was in a pack on his back, and some who expected to be heirs watched this secret with eagerness. One day the old fellow died, and lo! the pack contained no secret. And this is my work; there is no secret about, or in it. Some think there is and so some are expectant and have been so, but there is none."

Then he dropped off again into quietude. I

right hand. It was dr mine in it with a fir "Give my love and friends in New York, P ton." I replied that I his hand, said: "Now anything you need or anchor, command usyou, I know that, Tom, won't say good-by, I wil forget me." "As you li close the door a bit wh night again." I passed to hear his voice again. and manly voice when had heard for many year stairs and out, after t

All through the p 1891, to March 26, death, I was advise condition. His des always uppermost i whom he called his

night.

1

away from him; they were informed by the constant Mary Davis of his condition. All knew that his end was a matter of a few weeks at most, and as he slowly lingered they patiently waited the end.

I was the last person Mr. Whitman spoke of before his death. I had written Mary Davis, at Camden, I think, the morning of Mr. Whitman's death, i. e., Saturday, March 26, 1892, asking if anything could be done for his comfort, and if so, to command it. In a reply to this she answered me, not thinking Mr. Whitman was then within three hours of death:

AT HOME,

3 P. M., Saturday, March 26, 1892.

DEAR MR. DONALDSON:

Mr. W. is slowly but surely slipping away from us; is very weak, helpless, and restless. Some of his friends bought a water bed for him. He has been on it since Thursday midnight and he seems more comfortable. The last twenty-four hours that he was on the hair mattress he was turned sixty-four times, thirty-one times during Warren's watch, which is from 11 P. M. to 11 A. M., and thirty-three times in mine, which is from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. daily. I read your letter to him just now. He smiled and said: "Oh! he's a dear good fellow."

TOTALOGE TO THE D his nurse. War above Mr. White which was attacl would pull this weak, and thus attention. Prior used his heavy c with. This brou

Just before he di came over him-1 was a great chang

(Mrs. Davis and

side),—he seemed thing. Death had the call came he a

his head with one and feel for the help. In an insta

soon he was dead. There were pres death Mrs. Mary

the charge of Mr. Whitman had rested for his entire illness, and Warren ("Warry") Fritzinger, her son and the favorite nurse. He received the last words of the dying man.

Dr. Alexander McAlister, the attending physician; Thomas B. Harned, a friend and a true one; and Mr. Horace L. Traubel, were also present. They were hastily summoned by Mrs. Davis when the end seemed at hand.

Mr. Horace L. Traubel is a young gentleman of Camden, with literary standing, who attached himself to Mr. Whitman a few years before his death and remained faithful to the end. He did a vast amount of work for Mr. Whitman in all fields, and without fee or reward. He deserves the sincere thanks of Mr. Whitman's friends for his self-sacrificing spirit in this connection. The post-mortem on the body of Mr. Whitman, held by Professor Henry W. Cattell, in the presence of Dr. Daniel Longaker, Professor F. X. Dercum, and Dr. Alexander McAlister, at Mr. Whitman's house on the evening of March 27, 1892, showed that Mr. Whitman's man of Mr. Whitman's I was a pall-bearer Walt Whitman, Marhad requested it. Whitman's house, were called for 2 P. 1 viewed from 11 A. M. to and Mrs. R. G. Ingerso Jersey side of the Ma about one o'clock, stra driver from Philadelpl a street in Camden. hailed me from the cab me to tell him the wa He was just from a long he had been at Rochest day before, and looked him to the house and reached the Whitman Mickle Street, about the Ingersoll did. We enter house was crowded.

near me in the small hallway on the west side of the house. I called her attention to Mr. Whitman's calm look as the light streamed in from a near window and over his face. She called to the colonel by a beck and he came to us. "Don't you want to see him, Robert?" "No, I do not." I said, "Come, I will go in with vou." So he and I walked into the small back parlor where Mr. Whitman lay, dressed in gray and with his head to the south. Some three lots of flowers lay on the oak coffin, which exposed him to his Colonel Ingersoll looked at him waist. a moment and then turned his head Just as he did so a head passed away. between us, and Moncure D. Conway said: "How Rembrandt would have liked to have painted that face!"

It was a picturesque one and not at all disagreeable in color or features.

George Whitman, his brother, stood opposite the coffin, and when the call was made by the funeral director for the friends, he leaned over the casket and kissed Walt Whitman's head a dozen times. Mrs. Whitman, his wife, was

were J. H. Stoddart and The pall-bearers, honora acted as active pall-carrie were George W. Chile thorne, Robert G. Howard Furness, Dr. Da John Burroughs, Lincol Johnston, N. Y., J. H. 8 Howard Williams, Dr. Talcott Williams, T. B. Traubel, Judge C rison, H. L. Bonsall Clifford, Harrison S. 1 W. Gilder, H. D. Bush, J Thomas Eakins, Hon. A mund Clarence Stedman and Thomas Donaldson. was about two miles f There was nothing rem cemetery except the very

of well-behaved and well-A tent had been erected (i

were up) in anticipation of rain. This was about five hundred feet from the Whitman tomb, and under it the speaking was had. The rain did not come, but instead a lovely day—one Walt Whitman would have enjoyed. A platform at the south end of the tent contained four chairs and a table. These chairs were occupied by Dr. D. G. Brinton, Francis Howard Williams, Thomas B. Harned, and Dr. R. M. Bucke, all of whom took some part in the exercises. Faithful John Burroughs was also near by. A few ferns and palms, grouped about the platform, completed the floral display. Chairs were placed for the ladies. Mr. Whitman lav with his head to the south and close to the platform. In the tent there was given a curiously made-up programme of ceremonies—a variety of quotations and oratory. There was no music or singing, only reading and speaking. Francis Howard Williams acted as reader, and opened the funeral ceremonies by reading from Mr. Whitman on "Death." Then Mr. Har-Mr. Williams folned read his paper. lowed, reading extracts from Confucius,

the Zend-Avesta and P gersoll followed, and th monies. The ceremony being obnoxious to the might seem to be go the humors of certain lo inclined to think that . the most practical of th Brinton's was also good soll, it seemed to me, sta a plane, by saying, "I citizen of the Republic.' said with truth, "One nent men, in letters, of He spoke without notes from type-written memo earnest, and his eyes fille broke several times. O ner, oratory, and splendi the contrast between 1 others painful. The cerer -less than an hour and a

Mr. Whitman's body, preceded by the pall-bearers, was taken from the tent and to the vault along a people-lined path, the honorary pall-bearers formed in two lines in front of its door and the body passed through and was placed in the niche inside by the undertaker's men. Colonel Ingersoll stood by me and near the door. He peeped in with a curious expression on his face. I spoke to him. and said: "Well, it's the last of our old friend." "Yes," he softly replied, as he turned to leave, and I noticed that his eyes were running with tears. The vault was hardly completed, and looked small At 4 P. M. we were back in Philadelphia. The multitude who attended the funeral did not injure or destroy one leaf in Harleigh Cemetery.

While restlessly walking (the night of Mr. Whitman's funeral) under the stars,—who were his friends, and whom he loved,—the thought came: Does such a life and personality end when the curtain is rung down? Are the earthly surroundings which he left all that is to be? With this thought came the other: Why are we

mought is immortal. it finds ceaseless repe stant reiteration, and the mind shall exist. for who would be happier Is it not best that we do n came the thought as to man and his works. his work within the boun ity. His limitations we could not reach beyond hi Possessed of the genius o curbed his verse and cheas he believed, the bette: He fought his thoughts. points. His base was leve work, in his view, was ho: had Hope and Faith for i and was intended as a le life. He was a pioneer o and untrodden paths, and made his journey rougher

sary. He appreciated friendship and valued love. His heart was as broad as his. literary aims. He sang for love, duty, good cheer, and the dignity of manhood, and above all exhorted self-reliance—on a moral basis. He was honest, just, and He was a misfit in character and opinions held to many whose depth of literary appreciation is in the mere name of an author, and his method was decried merely as a fad by some bland and magnesia-like critics who did not honestly differ with him, and who could not look without shading their eyes to the altitude where he lived and labored. He was a singular and rugged type of vigor, prescience, and expression. He did not dishonor, while his life was devoted to the welfare of his fellows. All my reflections as to him bring pleasant memories and awaken kindly thoughts. No sorrow came to me at his departure; instead, Gladness that he had passed gladness. out from the pain and ills of his wretched body and that his spirit dwelleth with the blessed. Greater men have passed over; more heroic deaths have been noted

